No. 516 Walnut St., Philaden PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1869. Price 66.50 A Year, in Advan-

### WRITING A LETTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

What shall I write you, dearest?
What shall I write you, pray?
Though my heart is full to bursting,
I don't know what to say.
For the things I want to tell you,
Might seem to another rule;
And, for fear of Mrs. Grundy,
I must not the ailly nonde.

I want to call you "darling," And all sweet names there be; To tell you the days are locally, And long since you went from me. To say that I miss you always, Whether I stay or go; But for fear of Mrs. Grundy, I cannot tell you so.

I want you to know the sunshine
Faded away when you went,
Loaving a touch of winter,
A shadow of discontent.
But if you were here, my darling,
Ob, if you were he to-day?
I little should care or question
What would Mrs. Grundy say?

Divided by time and distance, A wearisome waste of miles,
May shut me out from your present
May cheat me out of your smiles. Yet I long for your clasping fingers, I yearn for your loving him; But for fear of Mrs. Grundy, I dare not tell you this.

Scorning the empty honors,
The pleasures you may not share;
A haunting thought of the absent,
Goes with me everywhere.
I pine for the voice of music,
For the face I cannot see, That in spite of Mrs. Grandy, Is all the world to me.

Twould ease my mind to tell you,
If nobudy class could hear,
How I long to be classed and folded
Close to your heart, my dear.
To kiss you awake in the morning,
To kiss you asleep at night;
But, for fear of Mrs. Grundy,
It never would do to write.

I know that a day approaches,
The day of all other days;
When our feet shall come together,
From out the diverging ways.
When the heart may find expression,
Unaided by feeble pen;
And not even Mrs. Grundy,
Can keep me from telling then.

# A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRA-GON," "BETWEEN TWO," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1899, by H. Peterson & Ca., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

## XXIII.

RUPERT IS THE CAUSE OF ANXIETY TO HIS APPECTIONATE RELATIVES.

"Miss Cray, did you know that we been sitting out three dances?"
"I guessed it."
"I was only awaiting the appearance of

"Do you regret it?"
"No, indeed!"

"No, indeed!"
"To tell the truth I disengaged myself

for the five dances."

"Ye—es?" said Rupert, playing with his gloves. "Shall take you to your.— They are going to the supper-room? Shall we fall in line?"

An they were all going to the supperroom, he could do no less than offer his arm to
the lady with whom he was at the time, and
escort her thither. They found the nicest
and cosiest seat imaginable, the ices and
wines were delicious, his companion was
lovely, and Rupert, who was very much inclined to yield himself to the enjeyment of
the moment, ate his ices, sipped his wine,
and gared at his lovely companion without
being at all disturbed by the ominous shaking of Ferd's head.

Ford had confided his trouble about Ru-

hing of Ferd's head.

Ferd had confided his trouble about Rupert to Ruth, and, having mentioned the fact of her having disengaged herself for five dances, that she might devote herself to Rupert, accidentally let fall that Cecil was one of those partners, and that he had engaged her for three dances. It was very delightful for Ruth to hear that "that interloping creature," as she privately designated Miss Cray, was carrying off her admirer and the man whom she admired, but that she should give up C-cil for Rupert was very pleasant, as long as Cecil has been "making such a fool of himself over her."

"That red hair is inflammatory," said Ruth, looking up in Ferd's face as he finished.

Section 1

Feri laughed.
"It's splendid—for red hair—as Rupert



SALT OF PRATE AS IN A CHARGE TEMPLE

The five price in the picture who are stand are sugged in writing. They are others eight or ten, or even twenty or thirts. I hape unable to attend themselves, others eight or ten, or even twenty or thirts. I pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of these prayers, as well as from the suggest of the pricets of these prayers, as well as from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of these prayers, as well as from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the pricets derive a handsome revenue from the suggest of the sug

said only a little while ago when he swore that you were his style in everything. But I'm sure he never was haif as devoted to you as to this girl."

Ruth bit her lips.

"I hope not," she said. "He is making a fool of her."

"So I told him."

"What did he say?"

"If he did her any harm he would make it up to her."

it up to ber."

"Marry her, I suppose."

"Then he said he would make his excuses to her, leave her, and behave himself for the rest of the evening."

"And then?"

"The next I new of them they were in

"The next I saw of them they were in

"And then?"

"The next I saw of them they were in here tog-ther."

"We will move near them. You engage Miss C ay for the first dance after supper, and I will take possession of Rupert."

"That will do nicely."

"Unpert looked up as Ruth and Ferd approached, nod-led smilingly to them, and then leaning back, gase-i lazily into Miss Cray's beautiful eyes. Ruth's heart began to beat quickly. Could it be possible that she was losing her power over Rupert and was Miss Cray the cause? She saked Ferd to get her an ice, and seated herself near Rupert as she spoke, assuming one of her old, bewitching attitudes, one of those artistic poses which used so to delight Rupert. But Rupert's eyes did not turn towarn's her. They were ben't on Miss Cray with what seemed to Ruth a certain degree of persistency. So she lent her soft voice to thrill his ear, and, through that his heart, with the well-remembered tones, the sweet, familiar cadences. But he answered with the utmost carelessness, and with swandering eyes—in this, also, Ruth read persistency in a predetermined course. Then she was silent, and Ferd came back with the ice, and made himself charming to Miss Cray, whose hand he secured for the succeeding dance. Presently the music came to them, a few notes at a time, through the opening dance. Presently the music came to them a few notes at a time, through the opening and closing doors, and Ferd expressed great anxiety to join the dance.

"I am ready when you are," said Miss Cray, and then she took her fan from Ru-pert, who said as he gave it up— "Good-bye, Cecil."

"Good-bys, Cacil."

Ruth almost started; then, as the door clo-ed behind them, she said—

"I am left to your tender mercies, Ru-

"I am left to your tender mercies, Ru-pert!"
"I suppose so." Then he added—"That was very well arranged."
"What is well arranged?" looking around her as if to examine the decorations of the

"That Ferd should carry off Cecil, and

you should take possession of me."

"Has Ferd carried off Cecil ?"

"He has carried off Cecil Cray."

"I only know her as Miss Cray."

"We have promised to call each other by

our Christian names."
"You should be thankful that both the names are pretty."
"Cecil is a lovely name—and descrip-

tive."

As in Queen Elizabeth's time. Altering

"As in Queen Elisabeth's time. Altering the spelling a little it is descriptive—only it is Lady Burly, instead of Lord Burleigh."
Rupert smiled—he could not belp it. Ruth saw the smile, and rejoiced. She thought. He cannot fancy any one very much whom he can laugh at! As if he had read her thoughts. Rupert said—
"I laugh, but I like her."
"Of course. We always like people until

"Of course. We always like people until

long journey."
"Please imagine that I have," said he, kissing her deliberately—too deliberately, for, as Perd and Miss Cray came in at that m ment, it had the air of having been done for their bene2t. Did Buth think so? She "A display of far lay of family affection, you per-

"Did you say -of a family-failing?" asked

"A family-failing!" Ruth repeated.
"I recollect grandmamma said that 'a
Rupell was always the fool of some we-

## XXIV.

(Written of Persephone, the Child.) IN THE SHOOTING-GALLERY.

Something had happened—what it was I could not tell—but it must have happened at the dance, or at the opera, for it seemed to be all w.ong, after that.

Rupert did not seem happy. Could it have been because the young lady with the beautiful hair had gone? There was one comfort—he kept away from Ruth. Cecil looked gloomy all the time, like a prince who had found out that his subjects intended to depose him, and Ferd wasn't joily a bit any longer. Neither did Ruth seem very merry. But I could not help thinking that they all tried to appear to be having a very good time, indeed, for the bouse was full of company from morning until night, and I made myself ill eating the nice things we had all the time. Miss Cray was there every day. Aunt Julia liked her so much. She always came with the Miner girls, who were full of (up. and uswer seemed so much. She always came with the Miner girls, who were full of fun, and never seemed to think that any one could be out of a, irits, or sorry for anything. They were romping girls—and Rupert romped with them, and so did Ferd and Cecil; but, in spite of it al', blood

they have done something to make us distilke them—as I have?

Rupert looked up hastily. She was looking at him in a weet, regretful way.

"Yes," whe said slowly. "I must have done something to make you dislike menfor—you haven't kissed me since on counc."

Rupert looked quickly around him. They were slome in the supper-room. He put out as a rarm, and, drawing her to-wards himself, kissed her repeatedly—then rising, said—"Tell him I have stolen some of his kisses? and left her abruptly.

"Oh!" said Ruth, "what does this mean?" and looking up, she saw Cooli coming towards her. Her first thought was—"Did he see?" Her next—"I don't care if he did. It never does any harm to have one man see that another adores you."

"Is Rupert gring away?" asked Cedi, seating himself by her.

"I thought I saw him taking farewell."

"Only for a little white. A cousingly privilege, you wond?"

"I am your cousin slee."

"You seemed quite resigned."

"You seemed quite resigned."

"You seemed difference who surprises one."

"I towards the looking down with a blush.

"I begin to feel jealous," half whipered Cedi. Then he glanoed behind him, for an instant, and bent towards Ruth. "I also am a cousin," he repeated.

"But you haveu't just returned from a long journey."

"Please imagine that I have," said he, kinsing her deliberately—too deliberately, for, as Perd and Miss Cay came in at that, it a single your haveu't just returned from a long journey."

"Please imagine that I have," said he, kinsing her deliberately—too deliberately, for, as Perd and Miss Cay came in at that, as which have yoo been doing, Cecil?" (Cedi, in lieu of further speech.

"Spelded your name."

"Yea; he called me Leppy."

Cecil looked at me with a ningular ex-

"Spoiled your name?"
"Yes; he called me Loppy."
Cecil looked at me with a singular ex-"Lo, the name is sacred, it seems, like

Cecy, etc!"
Rupert grew quite red. Cecil looked at him, opened his mouth as if to speak, then went out of the room.
"This is a miserable way of living, Perse-

phone," said Rupert, drawing me towards him, that he might rest his head upon my shoulder. "I have a mind to leave it off, shoulder. "I hand try another."

"What! go away, Rupert?"
"Yes; but you should go with me, my

"Always? Wherever you might go?"
"Always. Wherever I might go. I wonder if you would say that if you were grown up, Persephone?"
"Yes, I would."
"Oh! dear me!"

"You are not happy, Rupert"
"I wish the time were passed, and I had
my share of the goods, and could 'fice away
and be at rest."

Ferd came into the room as he said this,
and when Rupert are him. and when Rupert saw him he rose to go, as he always did now.

he always did now.

"Going, Rupert?"

"I have some business to attend to.
Come, Persephone," and he took me into
the she-king-gallery. We were alone there,
and Rupert began to regain his cheerfulness, so that it seemed as if he put his
gloomy thoughts in with the powder and
fixed them away with the ball

and Rupert began to regain his cheerfulness, so that it seemed as if he put his gloomy thoughts in with the powder and fined them away with the ball.

I was watching Rupert as he fired, with unering aim, and a pleased smile at his success playing around his handsome mouth, when, suddenly, a dreadful change came over his face; the soft, clear eyes became blood-shot, and glared un'er the lowering "How are you, Anna 2" Land on the powder of the control of

"Before this schaff"
"Why, I just imagined myself to be killing Ford."
"Killing Ford!" She fell back a step, and gased at him with doubtful open.
"Dou's look at me so, Aunt Julia! I feel more like Cain than before."
"You imagined yourself to be killing Ford!"

Ford !".

"Yee; he has out me out with Buth, yo know? Of course, Fard isn't to be blamedear old fellow! but it's hard, you see; as and when I was firing away there, he communications to come in front of the targe.

self, I should have fired, in the sudden fury
of that moment. I was not myself. I was
a devil incorrants."

'Don't talk so, child! You know you
wouldn't hurt a fly."

'L' know new what is meant by 'lead as
not into temptation.' No one can tell what
he may do when he is tempted."

'I won't listen to you, Rupert. You
helle yourself."

belie yourself."
"I wish I did, aunty."
"Asn't mer

"Why, you don't mean to say that you intend to kill Ferd?"

"Why, you don't mean to say that you intend to kill Ferd?"

"God forbid! But I think myself guilty of his murder in my heart."

"Stuff and nonsense! Come out and tell Ferd that you've shot him, and see how he'll laugh."

"No, aunty, let us bury the recollection, as if it had been the corpse of the murdered."

This scene made a streng impression upon me, and that same night I awoke screaming. My room opened out of Aunt Julia's, so that she was with me almost instantly. It also communicated with the corridor, and the door being open, the scream rang hollowly through the passage and awakened several. Ruth ran in in her dressing-gown, and soon after Cecil made his appearance. I could see him standing just outside the door, fully dressed, as I clung to Aunt Julia, and sobbed, in answer to her repeated inquiries, "I saw Rupert kill Ferd! I saw Rupert kill Ferd! I saw Rupert kill Ferd! I saw Rupert kill Ferd! Aunt Julia.

"Have I? Oh! it was dreadful!"

"I do declare that children are enough to drive any one distracted," said Aunt Julia, giving me a little shake, as she bade me to lie down and go to sleep again, while Ruth hung wondering around the bed, and the slippered feet of other disturbed members of the household began to patter down the corridor. Those, however, Aunt Julia in the slippered feet of other disturbed members of the household began to patter down

of the household began to patter down the corridor. Those, however, Aunt Julia routed, charging them with a candlestick in one hand and her bastily-removed night-cap in the other. Thee, having given me a final scolding, she said she should stay with me the rest of the night, to stuff the sheet into my mouth if I again intended to alarm the family.

The first thing I heard the next morning The first thing I heard the next morning was the gay laugh of Rupert; and looking from the window, I saw him pacing up and down the holly-walk, between Cecil and Miss Cray. They were evidently discussing some subject of interest; but, in the midst of it, Rupert, catching sight of me, paused, amiling, and kissing his hand. I turned away shud-tering, for the influence of my dream was yet upon me, and that white dream was yet upon me, and that white hand seemed stained with blood. I felt sick at heart, and insisting that I did not want any breakfast, sought Annis for consolation. Like the people of the East, who believe an usane person to be the vehicle of divine inlineane person to be the vehicle of divine in-spiration, as the "afflicted of God," so I was inclined to fancy that considerable wisdom was lodged behind Annis's queer, rambling talk, and that if she chose she could astonish us with a knowledge of things beyond mere "mortal ken." I had not seen her for some time, and inquiring for her, learned that she had been away to visit her mother's rela-tions but was now returned, and I should

had been away tions, but was now returned, and I should find her somewhere in the garden.

The air was crisp and clear, and Annia was walking up and down between the rows of evergreen, a little dog running before her, which began to bark spitefully when L came in sight, jumping back as I came for ward, and yap-yapping furiously. Assembly the beggars are coming to town.

Yes. You .

8

"Not-blood !"
Annie looked at me and repeated, "Up in Annia looked at me and repeated, "Up in the green woods there is a green tree. The finest of apples that ever you see. The apples are ripe and roady to full, "And Ruper's Rupell shall gather them all. Though will he sat, after Master Ferd has tasted? He can handle a musket, he can amoke a pipe. And he can kind a pretty girl at twelve o'clock at night."

"Master Cecil. I saw him do it."
"Oh! you have seen him kiss Ruth?"
Annis nodded her head repeatedly, then she shook it as violently and said, "When they've two faces under a hood they'll see
Ruth file

What de you mean, Annis ?" "There will be kings and queens, and dukes and duchesses, and earls and earls and the fairies will creep out from under the mushrooms; the old woman will be there with her broom, the cat will play the fiddle, the cow will jump over the moon,

"Stop, Annis, and tell me what you mean."
"I mean nothing," said Annis, lapsing into another mood. "You are very rude to

"Don't let's have anything commonplace," said Ruth. "I am tired of gypsics and flower-girls, and Heury Eighths, and Queen Besses."

"It is very difficult to be original," said arranged, and

'I know what the Wilmer girls will come said Ferd, "Louise will be a shep

Wouldn't Miss Cray be superb as that ?"

asked Rupert.

That was a Patrician Roman matron of the olden time. The long robe of white silk, with a richly wrought border zoned under her spiendid bust, her superb arms bared to the shoulder, where the robe was fastened with large cameos, the massive braids of her hair bound by a slender coronet, and gathered at the back of her head into a golden caul

She could endure that style of dress," tinued Rupert. "What a Zenobia she

ould make!"
"Or fat-woman," said Ruth.
"That's spiteful," said Rupert.
Ruth looked at him, and colored high.
erd seemed slightly discomposed, and

Cecil turned over another engraving.

"I have half a mind to appear as Scott's Pirate," said Rupert, "as that individual appeared, tete-a-tete, with Minna in the cathedral of St. Magnus."

"That would really be superb," observed

Cecil. "As it's a masquerade on ice, I sup-pose no very gossamer costumes will be ad-

missible."
"Then the Morning and Evening Stars will be done away with," said Ruth. "Let us be thankful for that."
"They might appear in the proper colors, in thick materials." suggested the heart of a tea-rose. It themselves more and more,

"Don't say that to any one," implored uth, "or we shall have Titania in a white

"And Oberon in furs. That would do for me, considering I'm Ferd." "Don't/" ejaculated the others.

XXV

Annexed to Persenhaue's Narratice WHO WAS IT?

"I have a favor to ask of you, Rupert." "It is granted before the asking."
"Thank you. I would like to borrow the

os which you brought from the Medi-'I am sorry; but I have already offered

them to some one cla

"Have you given them to her?"

No: but I have promised them."

tell her that you promised

"A kim for each camen."
"Oh! you abourd boy!"
"Do you promise?"
"Ye—es."

"They will be all my own this time?"
"You are anticipating! That is a brace"s worth?"

'Ruth, I am so happy! How can I ever grateful enough for what you have given be grateful enough for "You took them!" "I don't mean that. I mean your own

"I don't mean that. I mean your own dear self."

"Let me go. Somebody is coming?"
Ruth fle i, and Rupert went to his own room to write a note to Miss Cray, to be enclosed with some Roman-messics, which were to redeen the promised cameos.
Rupert did not see Ruth again all that afternoon and evening, although he spent the greater part of his time in searching for her. She did not come into the supper-room; and no one could tell him where she might be. Not only Ruth did not appear, but every one seemed to vanish as soon as Rupert appeared. Persephone gidded before him like a little, fair ghoot. Ferd, when sighted, would seem to become instantly the drapery of a curtain, a fantastic-shaped chair, or the trunk of a tree, as the situation might be.

"I did not mean to interrupt."

"I did not mean to interrupt."

"Now my ideas are all tangied up! What shall I do? They are all in knots I can feel them tying up, tighter and tighter. Oh! dear me!" With these lamentations she proceeded to take all the pins out of her hair and pull frantically at it, as if loosing imaginary knots. She would listen to nothing I might say, and at last I left her, and looking back, saw her springing about on the roughened walks, her hair flying in every direction, and both hands tagging and anatching at it.

When I went back to the house I found them all with their heads together over a great nortfolio of engravings. I stole behind Ferd and looked over his shoulder. I had seen the engravings often, se had the others, I thought, but they now seemed to be suddenly and very much interested by them.

"Don't let's have anything commonplace," said Ruth. "I am tired of gypaics of the evening, the string less." Dicessor were to be tried on, and masks

Diesses were to be tried on, and masks Diessos were to be tried on, and masks adjusted, the ball-room to be effectively arranged, and the lights, which were to filuminate the skating-pond, placed and carefully secured against accidents. A quantity of flowers, arrived for the decoration of the ball and supper-rooms, occupied Ruth's time and skillful fingers; and, in making her wreaths and bouncets she was neffectually time and skillful fingers; and, in making her wreaths and bouqueta, she was so effectually surrounded by a body-guard of young lady guests, who were to pass the night at Thornhaugh, that Rupert had no opportunity to whisper in her ear any of those "soft nothings" he now felt privileged by their relative positions, to utter, and, uttering, to gain n favorable hearing. Miss Cray was not of the number of these young ladies, for she had not yet arrived; but Lula and Cassa were working busily; and the tongues of Louise and Mattie Milner kept time with their fingers; while Ceell lounged near, wonderfully attentive to all they were saying.

ing.

We couldn't persuade Cecy'to come with
us. So provoking! She just ties herself to
those tire-come lessons,"

those tiresome lessons,"

"And she seemed so tired," said Mattie,
"and not a bit like herself."

"She didn't seem so until after receiving
that box from Thornhaugh. I wonder what

Cecil looked up quickly, from the con-emplation of the spray he had been twist-

templation of the spray he had been twist ing around his fingers.

"Perhaps it was an infernal machine."

time—and when he returned, they had all desappeared. The servants were gathering up the stems and senttered petals of the flowers, and the air was odorous with the pendant garlands, and spicy, many-colored pyramids. He heard distant laughter echoing through the corridors, but all the nymphs were fled; and, as they dired in comfortable dishabille, in some upper room, sacred to femining retirement, he saw them no more. feminine retirement, he saw them no more and, feeling rather sulky, a most unusua mood for him, retired to smoke and yawn over a book, until evening.

The evening came at last, and then the

house was alive with fantastic shapes, which glided through the long corridors, emerged suddenly from darkened passages, rushed in a laughing, rustling crowd, from the brilliantly-lighted drawing-rooms, posed themselves before the great mirrors, which faithfully reflected the gesture of surprise at the queer semblance not fully realized before, the sill graceful bend, to get a nearer view of the

t eyes glistening through the mask, unveiled for an instant, the glancing from under the t, the toss of satisfied beauty, tortion of some goblin figure, r grotesque visages, which suc-other, like faces seen in a hen vanished from the glitter-

the quiet air with their clash the quiet air with their class and then breathing a harmonious from their brazes throats, the in-of the military-hand summoned to the scene of the festivity. long avenues and evergreen-bor-leys, lighted with colored lamps, to motley crowd, like a Carnival let hidwinter, down to where the Pool od its dark, shining surface under a glare of light that brought out every that fringed its banks, the sombre, evergreens, the tall trees whose bare bes looked like a dark network against parkling, deep-blue sky, the fine, trail-

"What, Assis" "W

burst out from the most shadowy recesses and played cornecant in leaping tongues of crimson, green and azura.

When the last flery star had quenched itself in the darkness, the broad glare shone out again, and with a crunch and a ring as the shates can through the thin scales at the margin of the Pool, and then skimmed over the dark, polished tee, Mephistocheles in person, circled in airy rings, small fits of flame bursting from his scarlet andals, and puffs of smoke and fiery flashes following his diabolical evolutions. Death followed him, his ghastly skeleten showing less ghastly in the brilliant light, which hinted at the black-robed figure undermeath. Mercury came flying after, with winged cap and feet, and his cadueous. A graceful Polish lady glided into view. The Genius of Fire, a steady flame coronetting his cap, came hand in hand with the Lady of the Snow. An Esquimaux, and a Peruvian with plumy coronal; and then they came so thick and fast that the bewildered eye could trace no individual form.

At last the fantastic figures began to circle around in complex, gay Cavalier waltzing with demure Puritan, dark-booded Monk with Lady of the Court, pracked as gayly as a peacock. Imp with snawy-wimpled Nun, bright Italian Contadina with sourvisaged Oliver Cromwell, a Court Fool with pretty, prim Hannah More, and a Knight in complete armor, whose silver scales were less cumbrous than old Faust's furred cloak, with a bounie South Lassis, whose short plaid potticeats gave more than a glimpse of two very neat ankles. But, distinguished alike by grace of person and elegance of attire among them all, was Scott's Pirate, dressed in "a blue coat lines with feather, white silk stockings and red-heeled ahoes, which sustained a whistle, the ensign of his suthority. Above all, he were a decoration peculiar to those daring depredators, who, besides one or two brace of pistols at their belt, had usually two additional brace of his authority. Above all, he were a decoration peculiar to those daring depredators, who, besides one or two brace of pistols at their bels, had usually two additional brace of the finest mounting and workmanship suspended over their shoulders in a sort of sling or searf of crimson silk." But instead of the dark locks and bronzed skin given by the author to his splendid hero, a quantity of bright ourls clustered under the white, or localing feather, and a throat as white as a curling feather, and a throat as white as a woman's showed itself between the fall of the mask and the graceful embroidered and laced collar. The mask soon learned that the mask and the graceful embroidered and laced collar. The mask soon learned that his identity was no secret, for he was repeatedly accosted as "Rupert," and many personal allusions were made by the masked skaters, who darted up to him, whispered their jests in his ear, and then slid away too quickly for a retort. Apparently unbeeding all this half-careless, half-malicious merriment at his expense, the light figure of the Pirate skimmed across the Pool, thridding repeated groups, and circling closely around several revolving female shapes as though in scarch of some one. At length a Gypsey became the object of his pursuit, a lithe figure, with arms closely wrapped in her scarlet cloak, and very beautiful feet and ankles. The Gypsey, in her turn, was following on the steps of Mephistopheles, who was skating lazily, draped in his lose mantle, and with none of those flery manifestations which had accompanied his first appearance. As the Gypsey seemed to become conscious of the Pirate's pursuit, it was wonderful to see what a heavy, awkward, slouching gypsey she became, how the beautiful feet twisted on their stumbling skates, how the easy position of the arms became constrained, with a tendency to proing around his fingers.

"Perhaps it was an infernal machine."

"I asked her, and she said—'A disappointment."

Cecil smiled, and gazed reflectively into the heart of a tea-rose. His brows bent themselves more and more, but there was a half smile on his lips.

Rupert left this busy group for a short time—and when he returned, they had all disapposed. The servants were cathering. leaving the shambling stumbling figure to go in search of his lithe, graceful Gypsey, whose states twinkled like stars as she flew over the gittering ice. Again he darted in and out of the crowd, and around and across the Pool, meeting no less than three gypsics, but not one the Gypsey whom he sought.

After a while, skimming close to the shrubbery, the light caught something glittering among the tangled skeletons of some low bushes, then a gleam of warm, rich color and there was a gypsey seated on the bank removing her skates! He was at her side in an instant, but her last skate was re moved, and she sprang to her feet and ran Stepping a moment to unbuckle his skate he bounded up the bank and followed her.

(TO BE CONTENUED.) An editor out West says he is so short-sighted that he frequently rube out with his nose what he writes with his pencil. A Georgia editor hearing of General Sherman as the "coming man," expresses a fervent hope that he is not coming that way

Notice .- Correspondents should always NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

### BENEW IN TIME:

Our subscribers whose terms expire at the and of the year, would oblige us very much by renewing their subscriptions as early as possible. They would thus prevent the delay in forwarding their papers, which is apt to occur at the beginning of the new year, owing to the large amount of work which is thrown at that time upon our clerks. It would also have a tendency to prevent those mistakes which often result from a great pressure of business.

New subscribers need not fear that our large extra edition of the numbers of THE Post from October 2d is beginning to be exhausted. We have yet stacks on hand. Therefore send of your names without fear. We expect this time to be able to supply all

Will our regular subscribers please call the attention of their friends and acquaintances to THE POST, and its liberal induceu By se doing they will confer a great favor upon us.

Compare the terms of THE POST with those of other first-class weeklies-and mark the contrast!

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RENA; OR, THE SNOW BIRD. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "Linda; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole," "The Banished Son," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

LAMPS, PITCHERS AND TRUMPETS. Lectures on the vocation of the Preacher. By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD, Minister of Queen EDWIN PAXTON HOOD, Minister of Queen-square Chapel, Brighton, author of "Words-worth: An Æsthetic Biography," "Dark Sayings on a Harp," etc. Second Series, Published by M. W. Dodd, No. 506 Broad-way, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. THE SPANISH BARBER. A Tale of the Bible in Spain. Published by M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Two Curious Needles.

Two Curious Recelles.

The King of Prussia recently visited a needle manufactory in his kingdom, in order to see what machinery, combined with the human hand, could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which, together, did not weigh half an ounce, and marvelled how such mi-But he was to see that in this respect even something still finer and more perfect could be created. The borer—that is, the workman whose business it is to bore the eyes in these needles—asked for a hair from the monarch's shead. It was readily given, and with a smile. He placed it at once under the boring-machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished it with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished king.

The second curious needle is in the po session of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Bed ditch, and represents the column of Trains in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalize Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle, scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small, that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

revent hope that he is not coming that way again.

The constructed with the death of Gorge Peabody is the mass of poor poetry perpetrated thereover in the rural papers.

The care probably aware of the fate of Byron's heart. After his death at Missolonghi, in 1802, his body was embalmed and sent to England, but the heart was begged and obtained by the Greeks, who inclosed it in a silver case. Four years later, after the protracted siege of Missolonghi, a sallying party, carrying the relic with them, cut a way with great sacrifice of life through the Turkish lines, but the heart was lost in crossing the marshes.

The philosophers my that shutting the eyes makes the scene of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in church every Sunday.

FOOD OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN.—

Every parent must be aware that a child sometimes shows a decided dislike to certain kinds of food. In such: a case do not compel it to eat what nature may instinctively reject as being unfit. It is easy to distinguish between a rooted oversion and a mere echim, if you will only forego that which you wish the child to overcome—the petty tyranny of your own will. Even infants, after enjoying one kind of food for weeks, will suddenly reject it, and refuse to take the first spoonful. This is the voice of nature, calling for a change of diet; and you will be wise not to disregard it.

The students of the University of Michigan have determined to have female lecturers this season, and have invited Anna Dickinson, Mrs. Stanton, Miss Field, and G. F. Train. FOOD OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN

Why Women do 3mt Succeed.

Mrs. R. Harding Davis, the author of "Life in the Iron Mills," in the meanth of employment for women, recently wished the "School of Design" in this city, with the following result, as told in a nonmampleation to "Hearth and Home:—

SCHOOL OF DENIGN

TERMS.

The terms of TER POOT are the same as those of the beautiful magneties. THE LeDY'S FRIEND—in order that the cults may be under so the pages and recruit compositive contained to the page of the pages and recruit compositive contained to the page of the pages and recruit compositive contained to the page of the page of the pages and recruit compositive contained to the page of the the page of the the page of the ideopage of the ideopage of the ideopage of the ideopage of the page of the page of the ideopage of the page of the ideopage of the page of the ideopage of the page of the

Venus waited to be copied as a figure for ventibule-paper!

"But where is the difficulty?" I asked, after an hour's despondent discussion of the subject. "The scheme for aid here is a grand one, and grandly carried out. The pupils crowd to the school, and the work is waiting for them outside. Where is the cause of defeat?"

"In the promite themselves madeure.

"In the pupils themselves, madame. Women will not work as men do—be-

Because what ?"

"Because what?"

"They expect to be married?"

There was something pathetic in it after all. It was the old story of a reformer giving his life to enforce a great idea, and perpetually baffled by human weakness.

Or human nature?

We had no time to discuss that question. But I fancied a smile on the faces of the old heathen deities about him. What if they did serve as conduits for gas-pipes nowadays? They belonged to all time, and had fathomed the eternal secret of men and women so much better than we?

Hepented and Prelenged Vigils.

The Abbe de la Caille, a famous astronomer, invented a kind of fork in which be adjusted his head, and thus passed nights in observation of the sky, without knowing any other enemies than sleep and the clouds, and without suspecting that there was a sweeter employment of those silent hours which revealed to him the harmony of the world. He contracted in this way an inflammation of the chest, which carried him off in a few days. The painter Girodet did not like to work in the daytime. Seized in the middle of the night with a fever of inspiration, he would rise, light lustres suspended in his studio, set upon his head an enormous bat covered with wax-lights, and in this singular costume he would paint for whele hours. As might be expected, few have had more wretched constitutions or more dilapidated health than Girodet. Toward the end of his abort life his genius seemed wedded to a corpse.

The cruel wakefulness that torments thinkers wears out life indeed with fearful rapidity, whether by shortening its duration or by diminishing its effective power. Vigils, while depriving the body of rest, overexcite the cerebral activity, augment that enormous expense of nervous energy made in the work of thought, and keep up a fluxion of blood to the head. They thus prevent repair of the waste of force, or at least oppose a complete restoration of power (since this requires in sleep a collapse of the brain by diversion of its circulating volume toward other viscora.) Often, indeed, the thinker, wearied and overcome, leaves his work, to court sleep. But sleep shuns him, the wishedfor calm comes not, the excited circulation of the brain continues. That cerebral tensions of the prain continues. That cerebral tensions or much cerebrate in owler to word the excited circulation of the brain continues. That cerebral tensions of the prain continues.

court sleep. But sleep shuns him, the wishedfor calm comes not, the excited circulation
of the brain continues. That cerebral tension, so much coveted in order to produce
and to combine ideas, continues the master
where it was invoked as the servant. At
last, after the lapse of many wakeful nights,
a restless, troubled sleep imperfectly repairs
the forces destined to be again consumed.
"Such nights abridge our days," says Bacon. How dear Nature makes us expiste our ontempt for her laws and her lessons!
In the works of men of letters, of orators

and poets, every chapter, every paragraph, is the investment of a portion of their life. Goethe lived long, notwithstanding his im-mense labors, and yet the excitement of his brain, when at work, almost always led to accidents: the composition of each of his brain, when at work, almost aways led accidents; the composition of each of his great works was followed by a malady. Wee to those imprudent vanities that would supply by a forced labor what Nature has refused them:

In Mississippi, Alcorn, the Republicandidate for Governor, has been elect-

ed by a large majority.

Mr. Albert D. Richardson, who was shot by McFarland in the New York Tribune office, died on the 2d of Dec., at the Astor

Mr. Richard Wagner, the inventor of the "music of the future," has on the walls of his private study portraits of Goethe and Schiller, and one of Beethoven with a mirror opposite. In front of this Wagner places himself, and then says to visitors, "Here you see the four great men of Germany."

[W] J. P. Jewett, the original publisher of Uncle Tom's Cabin, is said to be now working as a journeyman printer in Phila-

working as a journeyman printer in Philadelphia.

Wictor Emmanuel must be a full-blooded king. He has been bled 200 times in his life, and excessive bleeding was the cause of his recent dangerous illness.

Wit is now said that when the Cardiff giant is alone at night, he removes his right hand from its customary position, and placing the thumb on the end of his nose, vibrates his fingers in the air.

The colebrated Dr. Gregory, in the course of one of his medical lectures at Edinburg, stated: "One cannot stand perfectly motionless for half an hour; that he had once tried to do so, and had fainted at the end of twenty minutes, the blood requiring the aid of motion from the body in order to retain its full circulating power."

Poster

In the last number of the Quarterly Review there is an article on "Islam," which contains a description of Mohammed, so graphic, striking, and new, that the reader will be glad to see it reproduced here. The patrait is derived from the Traditions, the Midrach of Islam, as the writer terms them: "He was of middle height, rather thin, but broad of shoulders, wide of obest, st ong of bone and muscle. His head was marsive, strongly developed. Dark hair—slightly curled—flowed in a dense mass down almost to his shoulders. Ewn in advanced age it was sprinkled by only about twenty gray hairs—produced by the agonies of his 'Revelations.' His face was oval-shaped, slightly taway of color. Fine, long, arched eye-brows were divided by a vein which throbbed visibly in moments of passion. Great, black, reatless ayes shone out from under long heavy cyclashes. His nose was large, slightly equiline. His teeth, upon which he bestowed great care, were well set, dazzling white. A full beard framed his manly face. His skip was clear and soft, his complexion 'red and white,' his hands were as 'slik and satin,'—even as those of a woman. His atep was quick and elastic, yet firm, and as that of one 'who steps from a high to a low place.' In turning his face he would also turn his whole body. His whole gait and prosence were dignified and imposing. His countenance was mild and pensive. His laugh was rarely more than a smile. 'Oh, my little son!' reads one tradition, 'hadst thou seen him thou would-t have said thou hadst seen a sun vising.' 'I,' says another witness, 'saw him in a moonlight night, and sometimes looked at the moon, and his dress was striped with red, and be was brighter and more beautiful to me than the moon.'

"In his habits he was extremely nimple, though he bestowed great care on his per-

"In his habits he was extremely simple, though he bestowed great care on his person. His eating and drinking, his dress and his furniture, retained, even when he had reached the fulness of power, their almost primitive nature. He made a point of giving away all 'superfluities.' The only luxary he indulged in were, besides arms, which he highly prized, certain yellow boots, a present from the Negus of Abyssinis. Perfumes, however, he loved passionately, being most sensitive of smell. Birong drinks he abborred. "In his habits he was extremely simple

most sensitive of smell. Strong drinks he abberred.

"His constitution was extremely delicate. He was nervously afraid of bodily pain; he would sob and roar under it. Eminently unpractical in all common things of life, he was gifted with mighty powers of imagination, elevation of mind, delicacy and refinement of feeling. 'He is more modest than a virgin behind her curtain,' it was said of him. He was most indulgent to his inferiors, and would never allow his awkward little page to be scolded, whatever he did. 'Ten years,' said Anas, his servant, 'was I about the prophet, and he never said as much as "Uff" to me.' He was very affectionate toward his family. One of his boys died on his breast in the smoky house of the nurse, a blacksmith's wife. He was very fond of children. He would stop them in the streets, and pat their little checks. He never struck any one in his life. The worst expression he ever made use of in conversation was, 'What has come to him?—may his forchead be darkened with mud!' When asked to curse some one he replied, 'I have not been sent to curse, but to be a mercy to mankind.' 'He visited the sick, followed any bier he met, accepted the invitation of a slave to dinner, mended his own clothes, milked his goats, and waited upon himself, relates aunumarily another tradition. He any bior he met, accepted the invitation of a slave to dinner, manded his own clothes, miked his goats, and waited upon himself, relates summarily another tradition. He never first withdrew his hand out of another man a palm, and turned not before the the other had turned. His hand, we read elsewhere—and traditions like these give a good index of what the Arabs expected their prophet to be—was the most generous, his breast the most courageous, his tongue the most truthful; he was the most faithful protector of those he protected, the sweetest and most agreeable in conversation; those who saw him were suddenly filled with reverence, those who came near him loved him, they who described him would say, 'I have never seen his like either before or after.' He was of great taciturnity, and when he spoke he spoke with emphasis and deliberation, and no one could ever forget what he said. He was, however, very nervous and restless withal, often low-spirited, downcast as to heart and eyes. Yet he would at times suddenly break through those broodings, become gay, talkative, joonlar, chiefly among his own. He would then delight in telling amusing little stories, fairy-tales, and the like. He would romp with the children, and play with their toys—as, after his first wife's death, he was wont to play with the dolls his new baby-wife had brought into his house."

## Anecdote of the Blind.

John Stanley, the musician, lost his sight when only two years of age. He had so correct an ear, that he never forgot the voice of a person he had once heard speak. An instance is given in which he recollected the voice of a person he had not beard for twenty years, who then accested him in an assumed voice. If twenty persons were scated at a table together, he would address them all in their regular order, without their being previously knewn to him. Riding on horseback was one of his favorite exercises, though it would seem a very dangerous one for the blind; and towards the close of his fix when he lived in Emping Forest. ous one for the blind; and towards the close of his life, when he lived in Epping Forest, and wished to give his friends an airing, he would take them the pleasantest road, and point out the most agreeable prospects. He played at whist with great readiness and judgment. Each card was marked at the corner with the point of a needle, but these marks were so delicately fine, as scarcely to a discount with the point of a needle, but these be discerned by any person not previous apprised of them. His hand was generate first arranged, and it was not uncoming for him to complain of the party that they were tedious in sorting the cards. He could tell the precise time by a watch. He knew the number of persons in a room when he entered it; would direct his voice to cash person in particular—even to straug-era, after they had once apoken; and would miss any one who was absent, and could tell who that one was.

13 A new disease of the grape has an The wiscase of the grape has appeared throughout the vine-growing districts of france, which has already done immen a damage. It is caused by the ravages of an innect hitherto unknown, and which all known means have no yet failed to extirpate. Unless a remedy be discovered the results will be serious.

The Brown, what did you clear by that speculation?" "I cleared my pockets," said Brown.

Father Hyacinthe Assemiahed.

Father Hyacinthe is in the full vigor of physical and intellectual life. He is forty-two years of age; about five feet six isobes in height; of a square, well-knit, erect person; inclining neither to leanness nor to obesity: a splendidly proportioned head, which, when at rest, slightly inclines so one side; a massive and selece, yet thoughtful, brow; well-arched eyebrows, delicately pencilled; an aquiline nose; an exquisitely obiseled mouth and chia, in which fireness and spirituality are well indicated, with a dash of humor; his eyes, partially closed—and the left eye rather more so than the right—for he is very near-sighted, have a steady, penetrating gans, tempered by continens, which varios in character as the conversation itself varies; now lighted by the fire of an earnest eloquence, and now toned down to the tenderness of Christian pity; such is the personal outline of the eloquent ex-monk.

Nothing seems to surprise bim more than the manner in which private documents find their way into the public prints. He presents a letter of introduction to Fernanto Wood, and the next day he reads its principal contents in the World. He receives a telegram, reads and pockets it; the following day it is published, verbutim, in another paper; be hands H. W. Beecher a line of introduction, and, hefore another sun has set, it is blazoned to the world in print. "Il n'y a done paste princule? Tout se public. C'est inconeutle!" he exclaimed when remarking upon this point. —Hours at Home for December.

A Cinder in the Eye.

It is comparatively easy when a cinder or any other substance, is under the lid of the eye, to get it out—if you only know how. A writer in the Hearth and Home will tell you

A writer in the Hearth and Home will tell you how, in the following extract:

Nothing is more distressing than a piece of cinder in the eye, and no disorder is more easily remedied. The cinder will be found just underneath the margin of the upper lid, where there is a small groove or gutter for the flow of tears to the inner angle of the eye. Foreign bodies tend to fall into this groove, and if they are very angular, like cinder, they adhere in spite of the current of tears, which now flow in greater abundance, and will sooner or later carry off smooth substances.

Now, if you will raise the margin of the upper lid and turn it over, the cinder or grain of sand will be exposed, and may easily be removed with the point of a pencil, or with the finger covered with a handkerchief.

I then demonstrated this simple operation.

or with the nager covered with a handkercbief.

I then demonstrated this simple operation
on one of the boys, thus: Taking my pencil
in my right flugers, with the thumb and first
fluger of my left hand I seized the cyclashes
of the upper lid, and drawing the lid gently
out from the ball, pressed the point of the
pencil downward upon the upper surface of
the lid, about one-fourth of an inch from
its margin, and at the same time carried the
margin upward over the pencil by the eyelashes, when the lid readily rolled over the
pencil so as to expose completely the gutter
described.

A New Metal.

The quiet intimation given last spring about a new metal is now something to be talked about, for Bir Joseph Whitworth, after a long course of experiment, has succeeded in producing iron and steal, which, as he states, will resist any amount of shock or strain that may be put upon them. This "Whitworth metal," as it is called, is, while in a molten state, subjected to enormous pressure, by which all the air-bubbles—those sources of weakness—are got rid of, and the metal is rendered perfectly homogeneous. If Sir J. Whitworth is right in his conclusions, our iron trade is about to undergo another revolution, and we shall have guns of the largest size, which will send their bolt through anything and everything, and never burst; we shall have wheels for railway-carriages that will never crack, boilers that will never blow up, and wire for submarine cables that won't break in the laying. It is an encouraging prospect; and we hope that the ten young men who have just obtained the ten Whitworth scholar-ships of one hundred pounds each, will perpetuate the persevering skill, the ingenuity, and enterprize of their benefactor.

As if to be ready for the new demand that will grow out of these indestructible gues, a new kind of powder, nearly six hundred times stronger than gunpowder, has been invented and patented by an Austrian, resident in the United States. Further particulars may be expected ere long—London

dent in the United States. Further particulars may be expected ere long.—London Once a Week.

How year curious it is that copper, a metal which we generally regard as poison-ous, can have health-sustaining properties! Yet a French physician has learned, from statistics of the last two cholera epidemics, that all kinds of workers in copper enjoy a remarkable immunity from choleric disorder. While the rate of mortality among iron-amiths and other metal artists was about 1 in 150, that among copper-smiths and copper handlers generally was only 3 in 10,000. metal which we generally regard as poison-Comparing the various classes of work, it evidenced that the more liable the mer are to take cupreous dust into their system the less the chances of their taking the discase. There is a work men's society in Paris, comprising about 300 members, all turners, mounters, and chasers of bronze articles, and during the cholera plagues of 1852, 1849, 1854, 1865, and 1866 there was but one fatal ch-e among them, and that was a man who had left the trade two years before.

Ah! who would not abide in Califor nia during the fruit season? A German far-mer at Mokelumne being congratulated upon the abundance and quality of his Bertlett pears, replied. "Oh yes, day make such good food for do come." food for de cows."

A Frenchman propounds the brilliant The heart of an inance solvens a model, was continuous active, of pouring petroleum on the water at ebb fide and setting fire to it, thus securing the destruction of wooden vessels and the roasting of the crews in from steamers.

The heart of an inance solvensar, who died recently at Milan, was found to contain a needle three inches long. About two years ago he told bis parents that he had pierced his heart with a needle, which, of course, was not believed, as no change in

of course, was not believed, as no change in its workings could be observed. Sci-ntific men regard this case as being of most extraordinary interest to surgeons and anatomists.

The in his pocket. The indicase took it of for him.

for him.

The first horse-cars in Minnesota will run through the streets of Minnespolis next

Considering the rough treatment imposed on the teeth of octain cautious people, a ready means of distinguishing good sliver coins from had ones will certainly be worth the space which we shall devote to it. Moreover, the process to be mentioned is philosophical; whereas the act of biting a coin-good or bad—is barbarian. It may be termed the "chromic-acid test," and the operation of it may be thus expounded. When coins, or other surfaces of sliver, are moistened with a little chromic acid—or what is just as well, chromate of potash and sulphuric acid mingled—a spot of reddish-purple hue soon appears. The tint is due to the formation of bichromate of sliver. Of course, to insure the appearance of this color, silver must be present. Hence, base coins will not jeld it—nay, more, very poor silver coins will not develope the appearance.

Remembering.

It is a remark of Bacon's, that, if we wish to commit anything to memory, we will necomplish more in tan readings if at each perusal we make the attempt to repeat it from memory, referring to the book only when the memory falls, than we would by a hundred readings in the ordinary way, and without any intervening trials. The explanation of this fact is that each effort to recollect the passage secures to the subsequent perusal a more intense degree of a tention; and its seems to be a law of our nature, not only that there is no memory without attention, but that the degree of memory is, in a great measure, preportioned to the degree of the attention.

A CHINAMAN can't pronounce the word "business." The nearest he can come to it is "pigeon." A few English words pronounced in John Chinaman's proullar way, a few Portuguese, and a few Chinase words, all wrought into Chinase idloues, make up the business language which is used between the Chinase and English-speaking traders. This language is called "Pigeon English." An Englishman translated is to Pigeon the familiar address, "My name is Notval; os the Grampian hills my father feeds his flocks," and the result was: "My name is blong Norval; top side kehlampian hills my fader ohow chow he sheep." But the next sentence beggared the language, and "A frugal swain, whose constant care is to increase his store." had to be freely "cood" in this shape: "My fader very small heartee man—too much likee dat piecie dolla."

man—too much likes dat pieces dolla."

ET Panis, Dec. 3.—At the sitting of the Corps Legislatif, to-day, Heart Rochefort rose and demanded that the National Guard be ordered to guard the Hall of the Corps Legislatif, in the fature, for the protection of the members. The demand took the chamber by surprise and created an extraordinary sensation. Expressions of astonishment burst forth from all parts of the hall. Cheers followed, which were answered by cries of derision and disapproval. The opposition members generally applanded, but the majority protested against the demand and the demonstration made in its favor.

The spectroscope having shown that the sun is a large collection of minerals known on the earth, including the precious metals, an inventive Yankee is meditating upon a process to extract gold from the sunbaams.

ET Blackwood says the salutation, "How

beams.

Blackwood says the salutation, "How do you do?" really means "How do you thrive?" The second "do" being really the obsolete Saxon word "dow," meaning to thrive.

to thrive.

A Canadian red-coat ran off with the wife of a comrade, and also considerable baggage. The husband wisely sent a detective after his goods, and allowed the wife to keep one.

tective after his goods, and allowed the wife to keep on.

(I) George Saud is over sixty-five years of age, but does not look it. Her hair is thick and dark, and is worn in puffed bands. Her forshead is wide, but retreats, while her eyes are very large, limpid, and dark. She has a delicate, soft, white hand, that bestows the gentleat sort of a shake when you are introduced. She dresses in heavy black silks, without trimmings, with a rich point lace collar and cuffs of antique pattern. She seldom takes the initiative in conversation, but, when she speaks, torrents of eloquence flow from her mouth in flue round accents, leveling additional interest to any subject. She is a great admirer of jewelry.

of jewelry. New York has a girl aged sixteen, who, knowing her rights, maintains them by shiming boots in the City Hall Park.

The Nilson was lately paid \$2,500 in gold to sing at one concert in Brighton, England. This is probably more than any one singer ever before received for one performance.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEGE-TABLE OIL's swarmanted fully equal to the best imported Castle Bong, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CIA MF-TON BROW, 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 38 and 25 Jefferson St. Office 84 Front Street, New York.

Julius, what is a parallelogram ?"

"A parry what is a parallelogram?"
"A parallelogram."
"A parallelogram, Mr. Snow, is produced by substracting der surbase of a triangle from de equilibrium of half de radiahos.
Do you understand?"
"Of course I does. I only axed to see how much de nigger know'd."

Interesting to Ladies.

After having the Grover & Haker and the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines fairly tried, by two of the best operators in the country, in my house, I have concluded to buy the Grover & Baker, it proving in mine and my family's mind, to be the best machine for general family use .- James Armor, near

A rich man who lives near Rio Janeiro is said to keep a large anaconda on his pre-mises, to frighten off ladies and mission-aries, who are constantly soliciting dona-tions for charitable and religious purposes.

HOLIOAY PRESENTS FOR ALL can be found at Par Hollow Phinamers work all can be found at Parker's C.A., Se and 10 Summer St., Boston, Mass. To cushic every person to provide themselves with handsome and werful holiday presents, from now until the 26th of January, 1870, these gentlemen will same large eight-pared catalogues of all the newest and best novetites in such goods as Fancy Boxes, Deats, Clove Boxes, Albums in Morocco, Gli, and Velvet Bindisgs, real Morocco Shopping Boxes, Furnished Reticules, Siliver Plated Ware and Cuttery of all descriptions, the fixest styles of Jewelry in Gold, Cornelian, Jet, Shell, Etrascan, Carbuncle and Hall, Dey Goods, &c., &c., and handreds of the latest and best published books. They are giving One Humann Thought to every one who will become their agent, without charging them 10 costs cach as heretofore. Beat the change in their advertisement in another column, and send for catalogue. The Bands of Orion.

" Canst thou loose the bands of Orion ?"

The three bright stars which con-titute the girdle or band of Orion never change their form; they preserve the same relative position to each other and to the rest of the constellation from year to year and from age to age. They presert precisely the same appearance to us which they did to Job. No some does the constellation rise above the horizon, however loog may have been the interval since we last beheld it, than these three stars appear in the old familiar position. They afford us one of the highest types of immutability in the midst of ceaseless changes. And yet, in the profound rest of these stars there is a ceaseless motion; in their apparent stability and everlasting endurance there is a constant change. In vast courses, with inconceivable velocity, they are whirling round invisible centres, and even passing into new collocations. They appear to us motionless and changeless, because of our great distance from them.

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almause for 1070, for listribution, graffs, throughout the United States and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphore, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy gestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter and prefessional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive Na-

of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterstive of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous ancestee, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the annua to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and may be had for the ask-tag. Sond for copies to the Central Manufacter, et Pittoburg, Pa., or to the nearest dealer in HOSTET TRUE STOMACH BITTERS. The BITTERS are sold in every city, town and village, and are extensively used throughout the onlire civilized world, deed 4:

If is a mistake to carry fashions into great extrames. In the East women wear the same style of dress that they were thousands of years ago. Their fashions never change; yet they are as attractive as they ever were, and in the East women are as influential as in the West, however little their influence may be recognized and avowed.

THE UNIVERSAL CRY, "What shall I buy for Holiday Presente" can be answered best by Parkers & Co., Se and 160 Summer St., Boston, who have an immerse variety of holiday and useful articles, such as it kinds of Pancy Boxes, Writing Beeks, Glove Boxes, Albums in Morocco and Gilt and Velvet bindings, real Morocco Mapping Beags, Furnished Reticutes, Silver Plated Ware, and Cutlery of all descriptions, Jewicy imitations of the latest styles of solid gold, which cannot be distinguished from the real, &c., &c., and handreds of the latest and most entertaining books. Their stock contains almost everything accessery to supply the wants and grafify the tastes of everybody, and they claim that their superior facilities for buying these goods enables them to sell at very much under the regular prices paid for such articles. They want agents accepywhet, to whom they offer most liberal laducements. We call attention to their advertisement in another column.

paint all day long for, 'ma?"

Mamma.—"That you may have your dinner, my dearest."

Young Hopeful (pondering.)—"Does he smoke all day long for my dinner, too, 'ma?"

"CHERRY PECTORAL TROCHES." For Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchitts None so good, none so pleasant, none care as quick.

RUSHTON & Co.,

10 Astor House, New York. "THE brass upon your face," he said,
"Would make a four quart skillet."
"Your honer's head," the girl replied,
"Has sap enough to fill it."

" Who Would Suffer?"

It is now fit years since Dr. Tobias first introduced the "Fertian Lisianem" in the United States, and never in a single instance has his medicine failed to do all, if not more than is stated in his paraphiet. As an external remody in cases of chronic rheums item, headsche, toothache, bruisees, burns, cut., orce, swellings, sprains, stings of insects and pains in limbs, back and cheet, its wonderful curative powers are miraculous. Taken internally for the cree of cholers, colle, diarrheas, dysentery, sick headsche and womiting, its soothing and penetrating qualities are left as soon as taken. The oath with which each bottle is accompanied will show that there is nothing inquirous in its composition. Thousands of certificate a have been received speaking of the rare virtues of this valuable article. Any person arter having used it once will never be without it. Every bottle of the genuine has the signature of "S. I. Toblas" on the outside wrapper.

Soid by the druggritus and storekeepers throughout the United States. Price, 50 cents. Tepps, 10 Park Place, New York.

13" A California paper, speaking of the Japanese, says:—"They will win universal respect by a sort of heathenish habit they have of minding their own business."

To Soldiers, Heirs and Others -For collection of Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize Money, and all other claims. Address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. Rongar S. LEAGUS & Co., septity

"You never saw such a happy lot of people as we had here yesterday," said a landlady in Indian to a newly-arrived guest; "there were thirteen couples of 'em." "What! thirteen couples just married?" "Oh, no, air; thirteen couples just divorced!"

Psychomoney, Fascination, or Soul-charm ng. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book bas full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Meamerism, Spi ritualism, and handreds of other curious experiments. In cas be obtained by sending address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia.

Im't it queer that contractors should be engaged to widen streets?

Frenchmen of the old school did at times tremendously polite things, such as breaking their necks to pick up a lady's fas, or setting fire to a house to dry her when caught in a shower of rain, or running through the body any one who should dare to say that her foot was large or her mose red. In our days Frenchmen are not quite such fools, and yet they sometimes do exceedingly fool's things in the polite line. This story, for example, is related of a Count de Lecculteux, who has just died. In descending the staircase of the opera, one night, a lady of his acquaistance had a lace dress of considerable value torn by a man treading on it. After an exchamation of impatience, she turned to the count and said—

said—

"Have you a pin ?"

"Madame," said he, "I don't carry a pincushion—but here is one," and he drew from
his breast a valuable diamond.

"Sir," said the lady, nettled probably by
his retort about the pin-cushion, "I cannot
accept a diamond from you."

"Well, then," returned he, "here is a pin
without a diamond."

And breaking off the jewel, he threw it
out of the window, and presented the simple
pin.

M. M. M. Madway's Heady Meliof Cure the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes. NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this adverti SUFFER WITH PAIN. RADWAT'S READT RELIEF to a cure for

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cares congentions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,

In from the to Twenty Minutes,

No matter how violent or exercelating the pain, the RHBUMATIC, bed-ridden, fuffrm, origined, nervous, neuralgic, or procirated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S RRADY RELIEF

WILL APPORD INSTART RELIEF.
INFLANMATION OF THE KLADDEN.
INFLANKATION OF THE SLADDEN.

INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,
COMMERTION OF THE LUNGS,
SOME THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PARTITION OF THE HEART,

COLD CRILLS, AGUS CRILLS.
The application of the Beendy Boltof is the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford case and comfort.
Twenty drops in a half tambier of water will, in a few minutes, cure CHAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADAOME, DIARRHEA, DYSHNTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWKLS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.
Traveliers should always care a bettle of Manda-

HOW ELS, and all INTERINAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of Madewray's Reddef with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimu-

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agend in this world that will care Fever and Ague, and all other matarious, billious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S FILLS), so quick as BADWAY'S READY RELIES. Fifty cents per bottle.

Br. Hadway's Perfect Furgasive Pitts, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, howels, kidneys, bladder, nervons diseases, headaches, constitution, costiveness, indigention, dyspepsis, billiousness, billious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscers. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Hadway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York, Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists.

Sold by Druggists.

This been discovered by careful experiments in Charloston that the weight of a bale of cotton varies slightly with the temperature. A fall of ten degrees in the thermometer causes a bale of cotton to gain about a pound and a half in weight.

An Established Hemedy,—"Baowa's Baoscurat. The use are widely known as an established remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoursers, and other troubles of the throat and langs, Their good reputation and extensive use has brought out imitations, represented to be the same. Obtain only "Brown's Broachtat Trockes."

"Star of the Valley, I schlimlennaclare love in the big Injun tongue.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT are the mothers rue friends. Measles, so very fatal to children if improperly managed, can be controlled by these every respectable druggist in the world.

## MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of Oct., by the Rev. Chas. N. Atkinson, the Gamble, Eq., to Miss Mollie A. Molles, both of Windows, Miss.
On the 28th of Nov., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. William S. Hayes to Miss Kare V. Powble, On the 28th of Nov., by the Rev. A. G. Medaley, On the 28th of Nov., by the Rev. A. G. Medaley, Mr. Charles H. Whoser to Miss Sters L., daughter of Wm. Perkins, Esq., both of this city.
On the 28th of Nov., by the Rev. William Catheart, Mr. Joseph Stephen via Miss Annie E. S., daughter Thoughtlus Husted, both of this city.
On the 28th of Nov., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. W. Frank Thousen to Miss Ellen M. Walled, of this city.
On the 28th of Nov., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. Grong & Wadden to Miss Emily L. Cannon, both of this city.

# BEATHS.

Notices of Beaths must always be accompa-

On the 20th of Nov., WILLIAM CRAVES, in his 77th On the 19th of Nov., WILLIAM J. ARRETHONG, IN On the Eath of Nov., Gronou METELER, in his 73d On the 19th of Nov., John S. Wallace, in his On the 28th of Nov., Mrs. Saran Toules, in her 28th of Nov., Miss MART M. MOFFITT, in or 50th year. On the 27th of Nov., HENEY JORDAN, in his 90th On the 27th of Nov., ELIZABETH SHYDER, in her On the 26th of Nov., Miss Hannah Alexandra, in her 81st year.

# THE COMING YEAR.

### THREE MONTHS GRATIS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In THE POST of October 3d, we commenced a new and brilliant Novelet written by one of the most talented of our lady authors. It is entitled.

### A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of Between Two," "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

We are also now publishing

### George Canterbury's Will. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of " East

Lyane," "Roland Yorke," &c. These will be followed by the following

(among other) Novelets;

### Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," " The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

### Leonie's Mystery.

By PRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of " Dora Castell," &c.

### Bessy Rane. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East

Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

### Who Told !

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," " A Family Failing," &c. Besides our Novelets by Miss Prescott, Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

### The Gems of the English Magazines. And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL AR-

TICLES, PORTRY, WIT and HUMOR, RID-DLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"-is 18 by 24 inches and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. It was chgraved in England, at a cost of \$2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings..." The Song of Home at Sea," " Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"-will be given to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

## 44444444

We make the following Special Offer to New Subscribers. We shall begin the subscriptions of all NEW subscribers for 1870 with the paper of October 2, which contains the commencement of Miss Prescott's new and brilliant Novelet, " A FAMILY FAILING," until the large extra edition of that date is exhausted. This will be thirteen papers in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1870, or fifteen months in all! When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all new subscribers for 1870 shall be entered on our list the very week they are received. Of course those who send in their names early will receive the full number of ex-

At the present date we have a large on hand, and the back papers to October 2d still To melt in tears again.

# \*\*\*\*

This offer applies to all new subscribers. single or in clubs. And our Club terms are so very low, as compared with other firstclass literary weeklies, that clubs should be And there we two shall meet again obtained with the greatest case. And the getter up of a club of Five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to speak a good word for us to their friends. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, are we able to make THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of

AGO OF

A MOTHER'S THOUGHT.

BY PRANCES DANA GAGE.

Silent and alone, silent and alone! There, tell me where, are my little one

gone,
That ared to be playing about my knee,
With their noisy mirch, and bentarous gire?
Who littered the carpets, misplaced the

chairs, And scattered their playthings all mnawares; Who called for their support with eager shout, And while they were getting, ran in and out; Who kept all the space and nuts from spoil-

And never saved jackets or pants from soil-

ing;
Had ever a want, and ever a will
That added a core to my heart, until
I sometimes eighed for the time to come,
When they'd all be big, and go out from

Silent and lone, silent and lone! Where, tell me where, are my little one goue? There are no little faces to wash to night,

No little blue eyes to sing to sleep,
No little blue eyes to sing to sleep,
No little playthings to jut u to keep,
No little garmen's to hang on the rack,
No little tales to tell, no nuts to crack,
No little trundle-bed, brin full of rollick,
Collies for manyers to actile the fruits No little trundle-brd, brim full of rollick,
Calling for mamma to rettle the frolic,
No little roft lips to press me with knees—
(th! such a sad, lonely evening as this is!)
No little voices to shout with delight:
"Good night, dearest mamma, good night,
good night."
Silest the house is; no little oner here,
To startle a smile or to chase back a tear.

Silent and lone, silent and lone! Where, tell me where, are my little one gone? It seems but yesterlay since they were young; Now they're all scattered the world's paths among, Out where the great rolling trade-stream is

flowing; Out where new firesides with love-lights are glowing; Out where the graves of their life-hopes are sleeping, Not to be comforted—weeping, still weep-

Not to be commontating ing;
Out where the high hills of science are blending
Up 'mid the cloud-rifts, up, still ascending;
Seeking the sun-hime that rests on the mountain,
Drinking and thirsting still, still at the fountain;

tain; Out in life's thoroughfares all of them meiling; Out in the wide, wile world, striving and

tolling.
Little ones, loving ones, playful ones, all,
That went when I bade, and came at my
call,
Have ye deserted me? Will ye not come
Back to your mother's arms—back to the
Home?

Silent and lone, silent and lone Where, tell me where, are my little ones

gone?
Useless my cry is. Why do I complain?
They'll be my little ones never again!
Can the great oaks to access return? The broad rolling stream flow back to the burn?

The mother call childhood again to her knee, That in manhood went forth, the strong and the free! Nay! nay! no true mother would ask for them back, Her work nobly done, their firm tramp on

life's track, Will come like an organ note, lofty and clear, To lift up her soul and her spirit to cheer! And though her tears fall, when she's silent and lone, She'll know it is best they are scattered and

Silent and lone, silent and lone! Thy will, O Father! not my will be done!

## Three Days in a Woman's Life.

Then was it written in the sky hen was it written in the And in the stars above,
And in the stars above,
had been three moments should be given That but three moments a To me for life and love.

One moment for us to meet.

Yes, thus 'twas written in the sky, Twas thus the stars decreed, And we, far parted, wander on Where'er these stars may lead.

But there's a happy distant land Where the bonds of fate are riven. Beyond the starry Heaven.

- Translated from the German.

Yes, it is very true, though life be long, yet as one looks back, a few days only stand to nee subscribers, our old subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of memory now in undiminished brightness, our paper, and in the case of getting up and neither time, nor space, nor any other thing, nor death itself, I sometimes think, shall quite do away with its influence upon

I had risen early, and as I threw open my had risk early, and as three open bedroom window and breathed the dewy freshness of the morning, I turned away in discontent at its calm brightness, for to-day

Ac must go a way! This thought had repeated itself in my uneasy dreams and troubled waking, till I felt angry with myself, but neither pride nor reason can avail against the pain that waried my beart that morning. I dressed myself, and wandered out into the garden. I dressed myself, and wandered out into the garden. I stopped by a little aparkling fountain and gazed abstractedly at its shining waters, and the waving trees, and the brilliant flowers—gazed and thought. To day he is going additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so lew, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a divide that those of our subscribers are so lew, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a This thought had repeated itself in my

for with an amused smile, he said, "I am in solitude under the stormy sky, do battle sorry I friethered you—but what makes me in the fiery pain that gnawed at my heart; and gnads of the world to her, but no, I must wrap myself in the Spartau blood rose to my face—I tried to speak and could not, but tears cause instead, tears that washed away the last slight defences that washed away the last slight defences that kept our hearts spart; and ah! what cobes of heavenly music did the v-ice what the last on which I was ever dectined to feel to awaken in my heart, what a strong emotion.

I listened to awaken in my heart, what a strong emotion.

ferces that kept our hearts apart; and an what echies of heavenly music did the voice I listened to awaken in my heart, what strange glory posed over the face of the earth! Then fill the shadows, and the drop of gall from which no earthly happiness is free, and mingled itself in my oup of blies. His dark eyes were looking into mine with tender pity, and the tone of his voice was sad, almost remoraciul, as he said, "Forgive me, Alice, I did not mean this."

"How? I do not understand you."

"I have been week, base, selfish. What right had I to throw the smallest shadow of my own trials on your bright young life? A few more hours of slence and forbearance, and I, with my wretched fortune would have been out of your way forever. I should speedily have been forgetten, and some one with a home to offer——"

"Oh, Ralph!"

"Ob, Ralph!"

"Ob, Ralph!"

"My poor love, do not look as if I meant a reproach; but my prospects are so little hopeful, God knows whether it will ever be in my power to claim you as my wife. It would be the very beight of selfshners to excitle your future to a vision that rossisacrifice your future to a vision that possi-bly, nay probably, could never be realized;

bly, nay probably, could never be realized; better be nothing to you than a vain regret. "Step, Ralph. It is you who do no noderstand me now. Could it have been better for me to believe that you had made it a day's amusement to win my heart and gone a "ay to play the same coreless frolle perhaps with another? To have both my self-respectand trust in eithers poisoned by the harasing doubt whether I had been misled by my own silly vanity or your cruel deceit. No!

and trust in others poisoned by the harssing doubt whether I had been misled by my own silly vanity or your cruci deceit. No! henceforth come what may, I can hear it. I may never see you again, but I have your love. You may lorget me; may even transfer your love to another; but I shall know I had it once. You cannot deprive me that comfort now!"

His self-blame was chased away, at least for the moment, and we sat together by the fountain silent and happy—the past forgotten, the future unthought of, the present all in all. We made no vows, plighted no troth; but we loved one another, and we knew it. A few more bours, and be was gone away into the wide world, the deep sea bet een us, and barriers far more impassable dividing us from each other for ever! I, too, returned to my own home, and no trace remained of the day that had so great an influence on my life, save in the depths of my own heart.

I heve never seen that gre'en again; but

own heart.

I have never seen that g rien again; but once snos I have been old I dreamed that I was there. Once more the fountains sparkled

I have never seen that garden again; but make the five smoot I have been old I dreamed that I was there. Once more the fountains sparkled in the sunshine, the trees waved, the birds sang, the very seent of the flowers—all, all was as on that day so long ago. For one moment I was young again,—it was a strange semantion; the next there was a pang of something lost or mislaid, a doubt as of my own identity, a struggle to think and recollect; and I awoke. It was only a dream; nay, only the reflection of a dream—the shadow of a shade.

The mists gather over the maric glass of memory. They clear, and another picture forms itself to my mind's eye.

I am in my old room at home. The shadows of evening are darkening in the autumnal sky, the large heavy clouds drift about like uneay spirits. I raise my eyes to the casement window and watch the faded, falling leaves flutter by and vanish like the hope and promise of my youth. The moaning of the wind sounds in my ears like the wailing dirge of the past, and the fast darkening heaven seemed the emblem of my future. With a heavy sigh I stirred the smouldering fire into a blaze, and stooped to read by its light those sentences of the letter I held, and which were already imprinted in fiery characters on my brain. It was my sister Eleanor's kind, unconscious hand that had given me this mortal blow—yes, a mortal blow! for that which had been for three years the life of my life died out as I read—died and made no sign. Her story was merely this:—"Do you remember Ralph Trafford? Perhaps not, it is so long since you met him; though you one'let, for, bythe-bye, he used to be a great a mirro of yours, dear Alice. Well, Mr. Lewis has been at Musich, where he saw a good deal of him. Just before he left, it came out that Balph had been privately married for some weeks to the widow of Count—, who died not above six months ago. There had been some scandal about Ralph and this woman left year, on Mr. Laws hut whether some weeks to the widow of Count —, who died not above six months ago. There had been some scandal about Rulph and this woman last year, so Mr. L. says, but whether the reports are true or not of course he could not say; but, at all events, it was not the first scandal she has been the heroise of. My husband is vexed, for he has always had a great regard for Ralph; and what makes the matter more sunvivor. and what makes the matter more annoying is that his elder brother is now quite given over, and only sent to Maderia to die, so that we may soon expect the bride and bride groom to take possession of D—Hull, and I must decide what to do about calling on her," &c., &c. Not I, then, but another, was to share his

home, when he had one to offer. I crushed, the letter together in my hand, and flung it into the fire. The feelings of my heart as I watched it shrivel and perish, I am as un-

able to describe as to forget.

I had answered quietly and collectively when asked, "What does Eleator say?" I remember, as I put down the letter to pour out my mother's tea, that I searched the sugar-basin with minute perseverance, in in order to find a lump of the precise size. I went through the ordinary occupations of the day as usual. My inner life had long been too distinct from the external for this to able to describe as to forget. been too distinct from the external for this to bed fficult; but at last, alone in my own room, the icy numbness that had gathered round my heart gave way. I florg myself on my kness by the bedside, and covered my face kin se by the bedside, and covered my face with my bands, though there was no one to see the tears that came to my relief. Ah! my vain trust. Ah! my foolish hope. But he had loved me once, and there was still comfort in the thought. Who has not once in his life been happy in a visionary Paradise, and been driven out by the flaming aword? But the degree of suffering depends on the capacity to suffer, and mine was great. On some minds an impression is no sooner made than it begins to be effaced. Time alone, with light imperceptible field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

Suddenly I was aware of a shadow between me and the sun. Hooked up. Trafford stood before me. With a suppressed for Decrease of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See Terms under editorial head. Sample humbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

with the fiery pain that gnawed at my heart; but no. I must wrap myself in the Francia cloak of re-clusterescript, and I did it, but it was a hard struggle. I do not love to con-template it even now. Let the picture go. Years pass away, and another day arrives, the last on which I was ever destined to feel a strong emotion.

the last on which I was ever destined to feel a strong emotion.

I had arrived at the age of thirty. I was in the drawing-room of a small house in Torquay, where we were passing the winter for the sake of my mother's failing health. She, wrapped in a large shawl, is sitting in the warmest corner by the fire talking with unusual observations to my brother Charles and his wife, who were staying with unusual observations to my brother Charles and his wife, who were staying with until his wife, and the staying and cheerful talk, sit by the window looking into the dreary street, heak and dismal in the lengthening days and strengthening cold of early February. Ab! my poor mother. I know why she is so obserful. I had on that day received an eligible offer of marriage.

'I can depart in peace now," she said, when I showed her Colonel Griffiths's letter. 'I shall see you in a home of your own, my

when I showed her Colonel Griffiths letter. "I shall see you in a home of your own, my Alice."
Yes, i' would be better so. I was a very fortunate woman. Colonel Griffiths would have been a good match for me when I was in the zenith of my beauty—how lucky then to make such a marriage now! I had struggled with my wasted love, my vain regret. There was something buried deep do wn in my heart, but it lay very still. It gave no sign of life. I wished to forget it was there. Yet on this day there were ominous stirrings and heavings in the grave where it lay hid, a sort of convulsive sob; but no, it must be dead, it had been so long buried. Why should not my future life be bright? and then my eyes and thoughts wandered to the oppo techouse. It had been tenanted by a lady, of whom all I knew was that she was solitary and a widow, but I had watched her gradual decline with interest that was partly lity and partly envy. She was young, certainly not older than myself, and her task was done already. The soul that looked out of her bright limpit eyes was fast departing to some calm region of eternal rest; whilet for me, how many weary years had to be traversed before my pilgrimage should be over? Yet to see her dying among strangers so lonely and forlors was a sad and pitiful sight, but that was all over now, she had departed, and the hearse which was to carry her frail faded form to a distant grave stood at the door. A travelling carriage was there too; that must be for the brother, who had come to her only the day before she died. Very sad and dispirited as I was feeling, the contemplation of death was more congenial to me than the thought of life. I con insed to look on dreamily, but when the door opened and he, her brother, advanced to the threshold, what made my heart stop and then throb to tumultuously? Why were life, and death, and eternity, all forgotten in the absorbing agony of expectation with which I watched to see his face. I did see it, he looked up. Oh; will no hing keep him one moment whilst I look at the gr

walked slowly back towards the fire.

"Why, Alice, you look as if you had seen a ghost!" was the exclamation that greeted me. And so I had, I had seen one who for me had no longer an existence upon earth—I had seen from the land of spirits, be came in time to warn me from the evil I was about to do. Yet, after that strong yearning to look upon his face again had passed, it was not so much love that woke in my heart as a despairing conviction that this man was my fate. That to be his sacrifice was my destiny, and that I could not fight against it. I had never been so near bating Raiph as at the time when I resolved to offer up all the remainder of life to the me-Ralph as at the time when I resolved to offer up all the remainder of life to the memory of the love I once bore him; never felt so tender a gratitude to the other as when I determined to reject him; but that one electric moment had lighted up every hidden corner of my heart, and shown me the dishonor it would be to accept that for which I could give no convenent. That day the dishonor it would be to accept that for which I could give no equivalent. That day was the last of my life. I seem to myself since then to have had nothing to do with this world, only to wait the end, and muse over the painful riddle of existence with patient wonder, and a hope, more lively as the time of my departure draws near, that when the veil of material things is removed, this life of mine, so suffering and apparently so purposeless, may, in the unknown world which is to come, turn out after all to have had a use and a meaning.

# GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD. AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

In her own favorite room at the Rock, with its soft corpet of many colors, and its beauteous furniture, its rare and costly sur-roundings, sat Mrs. Canterbury. The French window was opened to the ground, and the gay autumn flowers were wafting in their sweetest perfume. On the lawn beyond, the young heir to the Rock was sporting with his attentive friend, Captain Dawkes. The blue sky was overhead, the warm sunshine shed delight around. Pleasant things sil; but to Caroline Canterbury they seemed as dismal as a dark night. For her the world

dismal as a dark night. For her the world had lost its charm.

She sat in a low chair drawn back from the window, dressed for gayety. It was afternoon yet, but she had a drive of ten miles to keep a dinner engagement, and the carriage to convey her was already coming round. It was only yesterday that Thomas Kage had quitted her after his brief visit, and yet it seemed to her that she had since lived a lifetime.

None, save herself might know what fond dreams she had been indulging since the death of Mr. Canterbury; dreams of which Thomas Kage was the hero. There was no sin in doing it, as she would softly repeat over and over to herself: she was as free as sir, and there could be no sin. None, save herself, could ever know or conceive what awful pain, mortification, and repentance

sackcloth and bitter ashes. What where all the jewela and gands of the world to her, since she might not enjoy them?

She could not enjoy them alone. Whatever might have been Caroline Kage's greed of gain, one great need was implanted in her by nature—that of companionship. It might be, that until this moment she never knew the full extent of her love for Thomas Kage: we rarely de find the true value of a thing until we lose it. He was lost to her forever. The money for which she had sold herself was bers but it had deprived her of Thomas Kage. In that moment it seemed that the beautiful things in the room, the Rock itself, the fice lands she looked out u on, had all grown hateful to her. One halm amidst it alone remained, and that was her little boy; her love for him approached idolatry.

When she and Mr. Kage had met at breakfast, the morning after that painful and decisive interview took place, no allusion to it was made by either of them. Caroline chose to have the child at the breakfast-table, perhaps as a break to what might otherwise have been an embarrassing meal. But Mr. Kage, for his part, seewed to retain no remembrance of it; he was calm, kind, self-contained in manner as usual; ready of speech, talking of indifferent things, and still very solicitous for her comfort and welfare. They spoke of business matters before his departure; his closed excentership, and the future of the child, to whom he was trustee. And this morning Caroline had recoived a letter from him, which must have been written, she thought, on his journey to town. It coucladed as follows:

"Your life at the Rock must indeed be very lonely. When you alluded to it this

town. It coucluded as follows:

"Your life at the Rock must indeed be very lonely. When you alluded to it this morning, I felt the fact just as forcibly as you. I had thought your mother lived with you. You do not please to have her, you say; but is there no one else that you could have? I do not like to suggest one of the Miss Canterburys, say Millicent; but she would be very suitable, and you used to be the best of friends and companions. Think of it, Caroline. If not one of them, take some other lady; and a desirable inmate would not be difficult to flad.

"Meanwhile, I beg you to remember what I said to you in regard to Birnaby Dawkes. Dismiss him at once from latinacy, and gradually drop his acquaintance altogether. I should not bid you do this, Caroline, without good and sufficient reason.

One thing more, If you are ever in need of advice or coursel or side fave sert send

line, without good and sufficient reason.

'One thing more. If you are ever in need of advice, or counsel, or aid of any sort, send for me. Whatevar my engagements may be, I will not fail to come to you without delay.

"Give my love to my little name-ake, Thomas. Train him well—oh, Caroline, train him well—oh, Caroline, train him well in the best sense of the word: you will find all comfort in doing it. And believe me ever to be your faithful friend and affictionate cousin,

"THOMAS C. C. KAGE."

This note lay in Mrs. Canterbury's bosom, now as she sat. Bhe was in a very humble frame of mind, and counted the frieudable of such a man as something.

But it was a great deal easier to say, Dismiss Barnaby Dawkes at once from intimacy, than it might be to do it. Besides, Caroline could not quite see the urgent necessity for this step. He was little Tom's friend and playmate—there they were now, playing on the laws—and what harm could it be? So that portion of the letter, and it was the only one calling for prompt action,

it be? So that portion of the letter, and it was the only one calling for prompt action, she disregarded.

"Mamma, there's the carriage at the door," said the little fellow, running in, with his imperfect speech.

Mrs. Canterbury took him on her knee, kissing him passionately. Beyond this child, she had nothing in life to satisfy the longing of an aching heart; and hers was so young still! The many years to come looked long and dreary enough when she cast a thought to them.

"Be a good boy, my darling. Mamma must go."

must go."

Her maid appeared with a cloak, and Mrs. Canterbury rose. Captain Dawkes, coming in through the open window, took the mantle and asked leave to place it on her shoulders. Then be offered his arm to conduct her to the carriage, and assisted her in. It was all doze in a quiet, almost dep-recating, kind of way; neither Mrs. Can-

terbury nor anybody else could have taken alarm at it. The last sight that met her view, as she drove away, was her boy kiss-ing his hand to her from Captain Dawkee's

Within a week of this time, Captain Dawkes left Chilling for London, to bold his interview with Mrs. Garston—as was be-fore related. On the third day we was back again. Mrs. Canterbury was genuinely pleased to see him; the little boy had felt sadly dull, and in truth so had she. She had isally dull, and in truth so had she. She sau no love for Captain Dawkes, but she liked him; and such was the monotony of her life, that he, their daily visitor, had been sensibly missed. He told Mrs. Canterbury that he had made it all right with that old aunt of his, and that she had placed his succession to her fortune beyond doubt. The autumn day went on and with them

The autumn days went on, and with them Mrs. Canterbury's sense of isolation. When the first sting of Thomas Kage's rejection had in a degree worn away, she grew to re-sent it, and her mind filled itself with bitter

shad in a degree worn away, she grew to resect it, and her mind filled itself with bitter feelings towards him. She began to contrast his heartless rejection of her with Captain Dawkes's unobtrusive homage. Oh, but Barnaby Dawkes was playing his cards well! And the stakes were high.

Mrs. Kage, looking on with sharpened eyes, took alarm. The Captain's visits to the Rock grew, in her mind, more suspicious. One evening, going there to dinner at dusk, she saw Caroline on his arm, pacing the dim walke; and the two seemed to be talking confidentially. Mrs. Kage made her way to a private room, and sent a mindate for her daughter. Caroline received the reproaches coolly.

"There's not the slightest cause for this, mamma. Even if I were going to marry Captain Dawkes, as you seem to insist upon it that I must be, what should you have to urge against it?"

Mrs. Kage was in too great a passion to say what. She broke her choicest smellingbottle.

"Captain Dawkes is a gentleman, mamma. Looking after my money? Oh, dear no; he

my poor nerves! why do you excite me, Caroline?"

Caroline only laughed in answer, and said that dinner was waiting. Mrs. Kage liked her dinner very much, and did not keep it

waiting long.

But, to Mrs. Canterbury's intense surprise, she heard the next day that ber mother and her mother's maid, Fry, had gone to London. Captain Dawkes held his breath when As heard it, and asked what they had gone for. Oh, just a whim, she supposed, was Caroline's careless answer; and after that she thought no more about it.

Mrs. Kage, more energutic than was her nead custom, had taken a sudden resolution; the clear up the mystery that, in her opinion, surrounded Captain Dawkes. She and that gentleman owned to a kind of subtle inrinct against each other; and it would not be tee much to say that she had hated him since the day he was bold enough to insinuate that her delicate complexion old not over its lovely tints to nature. For the rude man to aspire to Caroline and her wealth, was worns than gall and wornwood to Mrs. Kage; and she determined to go and learn a little about him from Mrs. Garston. To whose house she proceeded amidst a dense November fog on the day subsequent to her arrival in London.

But, what with Mrs. Kage's minoing affectation, always in extreme flow in society, what with Mrs. Garston's deafness, always worse when under any surprise, the interview was a little complicated. Compliments over—which Mrs. Kage entered upon and Mrs. Garston received ungraciously, inwardly wondering, and very nearly asking, why so battered-locking an old creature, her head nodding incessantly, should have come out from her home—the visitor entered upon her business; explaining, rather frankly for her, the motivo of her visit—that she feared Mrs. Garston's relative, Captain Dawkes, was casting covetous eyes on her daughter, with a visw to marriage and to the grasping of her daughter's wealth. She prayed Mrs. Garston to feel for her, and candidly tell her selat shere was against Captain Dawkes—it was something bed, she felt sure—that she might "open Caroline's eyes to his machinations."

But now, between the minoing tone, and the frequent application to one or other of those auxiliaries to weak nerves, th

Mrs. Kage's head nodded ominously.

"Well, I'm sure! How dare you say such a thing of my daughter?"

"Say it of schom?"

"My daughter, Mrs. Canterbury. Deaf eld model!" added the honorable lady for her own special benefit.

"Who did say it of your daughter?" retorted Mrs. Garston, bringing down her stick with such force that the visitor leaped upwards. "It was of Belle Annesley!"

Mrs. Kage thought they must be at crosspurposes, and blamed the deafness.
"I don't think you understand, ma'am."

"I don't think you do!" was Mrs. Garston's irascible answer. "It's Belle Annesley that Barby Dawkes is going to marry, if he marries at all. He. has been courting her for these two or three years past."

Bit by bit, it all came out; at least the version of it that lay in the old lady's mind. They wanted, she was told, to get married; and she had smoothed the way by promising to settle on them seven hundred a-year, which, with Belle's three hundred when her mother died—and that might not be ong first—would make their income a thousand. The relief to Mrs. Kage was something better than perfume. She opened her fan, and gently wafted a little cool air to her heated face. As she was doing this, a question arose to her, and she put it openly: "Why, if Captain Dawkes were going to marry Belle Annesley, should he remain so long at Chilling?"

long at Chilling?"

Mrs. Garston was at no fault for an answer; the reason, to her mind, was clear

enough.
"I said I'd pay his debts on the wedding-day: but I expect my gentleman has such a day; but I expect my gentleman has such a pack of them, that he is trying to make an arrangement with his creditors to take loss

pack of them, that he is trying to make an arrangement with his oreditors to take less than their due, because he is asbamed of letting me know the extent of the whole."

"Oh, Captain Dawkes has debts, then!" said Mrs. Kage.

"Bushels of 'em; he never was without debts, and he never will be, that's more. The money I settle will be settled upon her and her children. I'd not trust it to his mercy."

"He tells society at Chilling that he is to ar sole beir."

"Society' needn't believe

"Does he! "Society' needn't believe him."

"Will he be?"

"My heir!" and down came the stick with a flutter. "No, he never will! I'd not make Barby Dawkes my heir to save him from hanging. If he marries Belle, he gets what I told you; otherwise, he'll never have more from me than will keep him on bacon and eggs in lodgings. Barby knows all this just as well as I do. I went into it with him when he was last here."

"I think he must be—if you'll excuse my saying it—rather given to tell boasting false-hoods," spoke Mrs. Kage.
Out it all came. Thus set off on the score.

saying it—rather given to tell boasting false-hoods," spoke Mrs. Kage.

Out it all came. Thus set off on the score of Barby's boastings and doings, Mrs. Garston told all the ill she knew of him: his fast living, and his many accumulations of debt; his meannesses, and deludings of his creditors; his startings afresh on his legs, through her, and his speedy topplings-down again. Mrs. Kage placidly folded her hands as she listened, and hoped Miss Belle Annealey would get "a bargsin." Any lady was wellicome to him, provided it was not ber own daughter; and in her intense selfishness she would not have lifted a finger to save Belle Annealey from him.

**30000** 



THE SWITZER'S HOME.

The above engraving presents a fine view of the picture-que and romantic features of the land of Tell-the glorious Alpine land.

"It's the best thing he can do; they'll got along on a thousand a-year; very—ah—generous of you, I'm sure! I suppose he is—ah—attached to her."

"If he's not, he ought to be," snapped Mrs. Garston. "He made enough love to her, they say; and she has been pining out her heart for him, ally child!"

"Vastly silly," assented Mrs. Rage, surreptitionally flinging some pungent drops on the carpet.

"Barby seemed to be doubtful about the marriage when we were having matters out together, and said he must take time to consider—afraid of his mass of debts, i suppose; I'll nawer for it, some of them are not of too reputable a nature. He soon made up his mind, though; for he went straight from me that night to Beile Annesley, and Dickey Dunn's wife found them there love-making. Every mortal day since have I been expecting him here to claim my promise, and get money, matters put in train for the marriage; and I know by the delay he is in some deep mess that it's not see early to get out of."

"No doubt," murmurod Mrs. Kage. "And he has found the Rock good quarters to diue at while he's doing it. Won't Caroline listen when I open the budget!"

"He will a seene of confusion ensued will ask to the town and he has found the Rock good quarters to diue at while he's doing it. Won't Caroline listen when I open the budget!"

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"He will contrive it, though: he is crafty and keen." pursued Mrs. Garston."

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"Barby seemed to be doubtful about the marriage when we were having matters out together, and said he must take time to consider—afraid of his mass of debts, I suppose; I'll answer for it, some of them are not of too reputable a nature. He soon made up his mind, though; for he went straight from me that night to Belle Annesley, and Dickey Dunn's wife found them there love-making. Every mortal day since have I been expecting him here to claim my promise, and get money matters put in train for the marriage; and I know by the delay he is in some deep mess that it's not se easy to get out of."

"No doubt," murmured Mrs. Kage. "And he has found the Rock good quarters to dine at while he's doing it. Won't Caroline listen when I open the budget!"

"He will contrive it, though: he is crafty and keen," pursued Mrs. Garston," not having caught a syllable of the intervening words. "I shouldn't wonder but they'll be married now before Christmas. I told Belle so when she was here two or three days ago; it made her blush like a robin. She confessed to have had a letter from him that very morning."

Perhaps no diplomatist ever went away

able meanwhile at her hotel.

But now, whether it was that the journey up had been too much for her strength, or that the London fog had struck to her, Mrs. Kage, on the evening of this same day, found herself feeling ill. The following morning she seemed very [il]; and Fry, her maid, called in a doctor. To at functionary decided that she had taken a severe cold, and said she must not attempt to quit her decided that she had taken a severe cold, and said she must not attempt to quit her bedroom, or to travel for at least a week. Lying at rest, and being petted with nice invalid dishes—game and jelly, and such like good things, and plenty of mulled wine—was rather agreeable than not to Mrs. Kage. The week passed pleasantly enough, in spite of its solitude. She sent to ask Sarah Annesley, that wa', to come and see her; but learnt that Richard Dunn and his wife were staying at Brighton.

At the week's end Mrs. Kage went home.

ber; but learnt that Richard Dunn and his wife were staying at Brighton.

At the week's end Mrs. Kage went home. Fry wanted her to break the journey by sleeping on the road, but Mrs. Kage did not like strange inns, and pushed on. She got home at nine at night, too much done up for anything but bed.

Breakfast was taken to her in the morning. Poor wan old thing she looked in her nightcap, sitting up to eat it! Without her face embellishments, ahe did not like to be stared at, even by Fry; and she sharply told

face embellishments, she did not like to be stared at, even by Fry; and she sharply told the maid to come back for the tray when she should have finished. Between the in-tervals of her going and returning, Fry chanced to hear a piece of news; and when she went in again it was with a face as white as her mistress's, though not so haggard.

gard.

Report ran that Mrs. Canterbury had gone
out of the Rock on her way to church, to be
married to Captain Dawkes.

"Bh?" exclaimed Mrs. Kage, too much

startled to realize the words, and looking up

the white be's doing it. Won't Caroline listen is when I open the budget!"

"He will contrive it, though: he is crafty and keen," pursued Mrs. Garston," not having caught a syllable of the intervening words. "I shouldn't wonder but they'll be married now before Chiistmas. I told Belle so when she was here two or three days ago; it made her blush like a robin. She confessed to have had a letter from him that very moraing."

Perhaps no diplomatist ever went away from an interview more completely satisfied than Mrs. Kage from hers. Her fears in regard to the gallant Captain nad Caroline were laid to rest. She purposed returning to Chilling on the morrow and carrying her budget with her, making herself comfortable meanwhile at her hotel.

But now, whether it was that the journey up had been toe much for her strength, or that the London fog had struck to her, Mrs. Kage on the evening of this same day, found herself feeling ill. The following morning she seemed very ill; and Fry, her making a maringe."

"I sell speak," panted that lady; "I am led six led she had to rest. But pownship at her hotel.

But now, whether it was that the journey up had been toe much for her strength, or that the London fog had struck to her, Mrs. Kage on the evening of this same day, found herself feeling ill. The following morning she seemed very ill; and Fry, her sitting down in a pew to make of confusion ensued will readily he imagined. Noise, reproaches, tunuit. Captain Dawkes and Keziah, their was tunuit. Captain Dawkes and Keziah, their was the first intimation I had of the "So is seems. When Captain Dawkes came to me last night about the atrange monts—and that was the first intimation I had of the "I'm sure I thought he said Mrs. Kage from the very man Mr. Jennings a middle aged, freal-colored, capable man, from an interview more completely satisfied that lady; "I am led satisfied

for once in her life affectation was thrown aside, as ahe demanded whether the ceremony could not be unsaid. Caroline, between fright and emotion, burst into tears. "You have cause to cry, child, Heaven knows. He has been hiding down here all this while from his creditors; he is engaged to that aweet girl, who is breaking her heart for him; they were to have been wasted. to that aweet girl, who is breaking her heart for him; they were to have been married before Christman. Oh, Caroline, it is not you he wants, but your money, to help him out of his debts! He has millions of them. Deny it if you dare!" she added, with a shrick, stamping at Barby, And, with that shrick, Mra Kage broke down. She sank on a chair, white and cold; the exertion had been rather too much nor the worn-out frame. Nobody saw anything

the worn-out frame. Nobody saw anything was amiss; it was only supposed she had no

was amiss; it was only supposed she had no more to say.

Caroline, uterly bewildered, doubting, sick, not knowing what to believe or disbelieve, looked at her new husband. It had not been Barnaby Dawkes if he had failed in his powers of rhetoric now. With a smile of caim contempt at the mass of words and of sweetness for Caroline, he put her hand within his arm, and spoke a few low, earnest syllables of reassurance. He turned to the clergyman, and quietly declared the whole thing a mistake; a tiesue of misrepresentations from beginning to end—as the future would prove. And such was his cool self-asserting manner, that the clergyman asserting manner, that the clergyman yielded belief to it as well as the young

wife.
"These stories have been concected by
Mrs. Garston," spoke Keziah, boldly. "She
was bitterly against 'my brother's marryleg,

## LAST WORDS.

Let the sweet air receive my dying moan, Now that the setting sun inspires its breath;
And though the white moon find thee, love alone,

alone, Remember where my spirit wandereth: Yield me to Death.

Look not upon the shadow at thy feet,

The blighted, fretted witness of my woo Turn from it, and forget the struggling beat Of the worn heart that thou hast loved so.

Do not recall the drooping of mine eye,
When my last glance has fainted on thy
brow;
Do not recall the quiver of the sigh,
Which from my continue. Which from my parting agony must grow Oh, kiss me now!

Only I bid thee hold my quiet hand Till all is over; for I am afraid To be quite lonely on that border-land Whence earth is mist, and the Beyond a

Oh, let me fade !

w thee near, but cannot feel thy touch Thick gloom defeats my sight, nor hear ! thee.

Farewell! Remember that I loved much; Pray for one gleam of light to set me free Oh free! oh free!

### THE MAIDEN'S CHAMBER

A sense of mystery the spirit dounted,"--- Mood.

"A sense of mystery the spirit desinted,"—Hond.

In this age of uniformity, when all distinctive peculiarities in the fashion of existence are rapidly disappearing in every class of life, it is rare to see a room bearing so unmi-takably the cache of originality as the aitting-room at Charlton Bishop.

This efiting-room was not the drawing-room; that was a chill apartment with drabalk curtains, and a faded carpet, and stiff gld-fash.comed furniture in spectral brownstelland covers, only used on state occasions, and for the reception of such morning callers as were not on sufficiently intimate terms with the Charlton Bishop family to be at once unhered into the bright and cheerful hall.

This hall occurred the extent of the hall occurred the contract of the bright and cheerful

This hall occupied the centre of the house. It had a carved oaken roof, and three deep windows, whence you might look far across the valley to the blue line of hills that bounded the horison. A high taken sereen, quaintly curved at the top, ent off that small portion of it which served as an entrancehall, and into which the principal door of the house opened; and there was a door of communication in the screen, which was protected from draughts by a heavy arimaon curtain. Within was a huge open fire-place with a wood fire burning on the hearth, and oaken settles in the chimney corner, such as may be seen in old-fashioned cottages and farm-houses; and this end of the room was covered with a Turkey carpet, beyond which shone the dark brightness of the polished floor. Then there was a carved oak table, an ancient chest, oak book-cases between the windows, and some half dosen high-backed chairs, all in keeping with the character of the apartment; and besides these, no lack of such modern incongruities as were needful to make the place comfortable; such as a hage sofa rich in cushions, cosy arm-chairs of various chapse and sizes, a plane, and a harp, and plenty of little co-casional tables that could be easily moved about. A step in the flooring rained the upper end of the apartment opposite the caken exceen into a sort of dais, which was lighted by an oriel window, looking out on a smooth cld-fashioned howling gress. This retrest was partly carpeted with Indian matting, and provided with low brightly cushioned seats, and in the summer is was a very favorite resort.

In the winter it was descried; the centre of ft was occupied by a stand of graceful feathery forns, and fire. Elphinstone, and the bright young party that she loved to gather about her, were generally to be found assembled round the hearth.

Mrs. Elphinstone had the fairest complexion possible; and though past fifty, a faint trace of the bloom that had once been so pretty, still lingered in her delicate check. Her teeth worter and she dressed after the

whenever the weather chanced to be colder than usual.

It was bed-time. The party had broken up from their occupations and amusements, and had gathered round the fire to say goodnight. Sheets of music still lay about on the open piane, and a card-table, with chairs just pushed back from it, upon which cards and counters were scattered in much confusion, betokened the recent close of that noisy delight of young people at Christmas time, a round game. The third volume of a popular novel, and one or two newspapers, lying on the table near the hearth, and a pretty work-basket, with a bit of elegant fancy needlework peeping out of it, suggested the idea of quieter occupations for the elders of the party.

Everybody knows how often the sociability

the elders of the party.

Everybody knows how often the sociability of a whole party makes, as it were, a fresh start, and begins over again in the moment of leave-taking.

It was so on that occasion. We all lingered round the fire, as though no one had the least intention of going to bed for hours; and, somehow or other, a discussion arose concerning the novel, which Mr. Elphinstone had been devouring all the evening, and in which the interest turned upon the supernatural. natural.
This, of course, led to the telling of the

usual number of stories of inexplicable visi-

usual number of stories of inexplicable visi-tations, ghosts, mesmerists, strange dreams, and haunted houses.

Almost every one has some tale of the kind to tell. Mr. Elphinstone had an inex-haustible repertory of such, and so we sat round the fire listening and talking, whilst the candies began to burn low, and the hands of the clock travelled on towards midnight.

I don't think Mrs. Elphisstone quite liked the turn that the conversation had taken. "My dear, you are making our young ladies look quite pale," she said once or twice. Whereupon some of the young ladies laughed, and eagerly disclaimed being at all nervous, and one ventured to relate a story of a curious dream that had happened to an aunt of her own; and then a young gentleman, a nephew of Mr. Elphinstone, who was lounging on the settle in the chimner-cornor, (a seat interdicted, by a stringent domestic ordinance of Mrs. Elphinstone's, to any one who wore a muslin dress, reared I don't think Mon. Plohisstone quite liked any one who wore a muslin dress,) reared himself up, and followed suit with a truly horrible tale, for which he was indebted to Elgar Poe, and which never missed its effect in awakening a creeping sensation of horror when related to his companions in the dormitories of one of our public schools. But Mrs. Elphinstone cut him short inst

before his story reached its climax.

Oh, I know that story," she interrupted,
"and I beg your pardon, Charlie, but you
shell not tell it. No one will sleep to night

if you do,"
Charlie desisted with a rueful laugh.
"But nobody is asked to believe it, aunt," he said.

he said,

And, "Oh do let us hear the end, we she'n't be frightened, dear Mrs. Elphinstone," said a tiresome, mal-a-propos young person, who was very friendless, and very foolishly brought up, and whom therefore Mrs. Elphinstone invited often to her house, though she tried her patience as frequently as she came.

"Not to-night," said Mrs. Elphinstone decidedly, "you have had quite horrors



enough for one evening. And yet," she con-tinued, after a moment's hesitation, "al-though I do not at all approve of frightening young people the last thing before they go to bed, I don't know that I am not half in-clined as take a turn in telling stories my-maif."

Need I say that Charlie's unfinished tale

Need I say that Charlie's unfinished tale was forgotten, and Mrs. Eiphinstone was importanted by everybody for hers?

"It is not much of a story that I have to relate," she said, "but it has at least the merit of not being second-hand. I am going to tell you of something that once happened to myself—ay, and in this very house. She paused. "This is interesting," said a young barrister, who occupied the epposite settle to Charlie, with the slightest possible touch of sarcasm in his voice; "is there a haunted room, then, in the house? and have you really seen the ghost? I envy you."

you."

"I am afraid you will be disappointed,"

"Ira Elphinstone replied, "I cannot exactly my that I have ever really seen a ghost.

But sight is only one of the five souses; and
I am not going beyond the truth in affirming
that I once had, in this very house, what I
think I have the right to call an extremely
should experience."

It was many years ago, in old Squire Howard's life-time, when I was a young girl leaving school, that I came with my dear old Aunt Melissa to spend a fortnight of Charles Bishoo

giri leaving school, that I came with my dear oid Aunt Melissa to spend a fortnight at Charlison Bishop.

Madam Howard, as many people besides the villagers used to call the Squire's lady, was an old school-fellow of Aunt Melissa's, and their early friendship had never cooled. In this age, when it is so much the fishion to turn everything into food for laughter, some people might consider it quite ridiculous to see two withered old women kiss one another, and sit fondly hand in hand, and call each other Lissie and Millie, as they had never left off doing since the old girlish days ever so many years ago. To me, however, it never seemed ridiculous, but very touching. And dear Aunt Melissa did so enjoy her visits to her friend's home, and was so proud and pleased when they occurred during my holidays, and I was invited too, and had so early impressed upon me her own strong belief in the perfection of everything at Charlton Bishop, that it never once occurred to me to think those visits duil, though now that I look back, after so many years, I imsgine that I must have found the quiet monotonous days we spent there rather long sometimes.

It was drawing towards the close of our stay, when one day the Squire was called away from home on some business. He was to sleep at a friend's house, and return on the following afternoon.

"So we shall have a nice cosy evening," said Annt Melissa to me, with secret delight, for in the bottom of her heart she was al-

"So we shall have a nice cosy evening,"
and Aunt Melissa to me, with accret delight,
for in the bottom of her heart she was always a little afraid of the Squire, though
she had the greatest respect for him; and he
was a very kind friend and adviser to her
whenever she needed one.

Now to be nice and cosy often means, with
some women, to break in upon the regular
order of things, and to be, in fact, less comfortable than usual.

fortable than unual.

This was what it meant with Aunt Melissa and Madam Howard. They took advantage of the Squire's absence to wear their morning dresses and worst caps till bed-time, instead of dressing for dinner, to dine at one instead of at five, and to have what they called a comfortable tea by the five-side at ix, followed by wine and biscutts at ten.

After tea they fell to gossiping over old times, using me as a listener to whom to tell the tales that were too well known to both to attempt to tell them to one another. From gossip there was but a short transition to ghost stories. The wind was wailing and

From gossip there was but a short transition to ghost stories. The wind was wailing and sighing round the house in so weird and fanciful a manner that it actually seemed to me to introduce the subject.

"Any one lying awake at night, alone in the dark, might be tempted to fancy the house was haunted," said Aunt Melissa.

"So they might," said Madam Howard.

"Do you remember, Millie, that curious story of the disturbances at the Red House when we were young? There was said to be a room—" &c.

The deed was done. One story capped

e a room—" &c. The deed was done. One story capped another. And each was more alarming than

first they rather amused me. Often have those two dear innocent old ladies made my bleed run cold by discussing, with un-tiring interest, every sanguinary and bar-barous murder that had herrified the public for half a century at least. I thought ghosts, if I may use your modern word, the less scusational topic of the two; and I thought to myself, with some satisfaction, how lucky it was that I was not superstitious,

Nevertheless, after a time the moaning and sighing of the wind, the impressive half-whapered tones of my companions, the partly illumined gloom of the apartment, only lighted by two candles near the fire, began to have their effect upon me, and to produce a peculiar fluttering of the nerves, and fuvoluntary sinking of the heart, which I dare say is not unknown to some of my bearers. I struggled against it. I tried to hearers. I struggled against it. I tried to feel indifferent and philos phical, but in vain. I was but seventeen; there was the long lonely night to be got through, and I had to sleep by myself in the Maiden's

" How pale the child looks!" said Madam "How pale the child looks!" said Madam Howard, suddenly eatching sight of my white cheeks. "Melissa, my dear, I am afraid we have been frightening hor." (Here she laughed heartily.) "I tell you what, she shall have something hot before she goes to

I protested in vain that I was not a child,

and therefore, of course, not at all fright-ened, and that I couldn't and wouldn't have anything hot before I went to bed. "You must drink it, my dear, if I mix it for you," said Madam Howard; "and we will have some too. It will do nobody any

Off trotted the despetic old lady, with an alacrity that proved her nerves to be in per fect order, into the deserted kitchen, to hunt for a lemon, and a saucepan, and some sugar. A tray with wine and bi-cuits had already been brought in by the butler at ten o'clock, but it was now more than an hour later, and the servants had all been allowed t; go to bed. It was anuaing enough to see the bustle with which Madam Howard and den Aunt Melima carried on their little preparations, and the excitement there was about making up the fire, and getting the water to boil, and settling the exact quantity of each ingredient that was to go into the

association was a good thing for me too, for it thoroughly diverted my thoughts from the former topic of conver-cation; and though, with all the obstinacy

for the concealment of fugitives and refugees.

No associations calculated to raise an involuntary feeling of unesainess were connected either with the secret spartment or
with the Maiden's Chamber itself. It is
true that the room had a history, but it was
one which ought rather to have inspired a
girl's heart with a wish to rise superior to
idle fears. Once a prescribed Royalist had
been hidden in the secret apartment, and a
party of Puritan soldiers had been quartered
for more than a week at Chariton Bishop, in
hopes of discovering the old Cavalier's place
of concealment, which was strongly suspected to be in or near his ancestral home.
Detecting or fancying that he detected something more than maden modesty in the
elight reluctance betrayed by the fugitive's
young daughter to have her own apartment slight reluctance betrayed by the fugitive's young daughter to have her own apartment searched by the soldiers, the ungailant officer in command of the party insisted on occupying that room himself, giving out at the same time that he was a dangerous person to deal with, as he always slept with loaded pistols by him, and would fire on any one who entered his room at night.

This did not deter Cecil Howard. She behaved with wily courtesy to her unwelcome guests, and set before them the best that the house had to offer. But on the second night, after they had drunk enough to make them lay aside some of their vigitors.

to make them lay aside some of their vigi-lance and suspicion, she drugged their wine; and stepping over the man that lay in drunken slumbers across the door of the

and stepping over the man that lay in drunken slumbers across the door of the Maiden's Chambor, she entered, released her father, and conveyed him out of the house by a rope-ladder fastaned to the oriel window. At the park gate a horse waited for him, and before morning he was many miles on his way to a place of safe'y.

This was the story of Cecil Howard—a story that I was very fond of—a story for whose sake I always loved the Maiden's Chamber. And yet I was not quite reconciled to sleeping there! It was so large, so bare, so louely. The family was so much too small for that great house, that wherever the inbabitants cucamped, empty space seemed to rattle about them on every side. It is true that some servants slept on the same floor as I did, but they seemed to me to be a long way off; no one was lodged close at hand. If, as frequently happened, occasional slight noises broke the stillness, they did not proceed from human beings moving about, but from rate in the wainsect.

Shall I be thought a sad coward if I confess that, on that windy winter night, the ghost stories that I had heard rushed back into my mind the instant I was alone, and I felt so nervous that I was ready to take alarm at my own shadow?

The very first thing I did on entering my bed-room was to go straight to the door,

The very first thing I did on entering my bed-room was to go straight to the door, which had long ago replaced the sliding panel that once communicated with the se-cret apartment. I had a silly fancy that I must make sure that that room was really empty. Here I was disappointed; the door was locked, and the key had been taken away. I had to content myself with looking under the bed, and behind the arras, and into the cupboard where I kept my dresse-; and having assured my reason that no alarmand having assured my reason that no alarming object lurked in any of these hiding-places, I seriously set myself to combat my places, I sectously set myself to combat my fool'sh terrors, and to suppress all the little thrills, and starts, and inclinations to turn round and look behind me, that were almost uncontrollable. Quite asbamed of my own weakness, I prepared myself for my bed, and finally said my prayers, put out the light, and lay down, deriving very small con-solation from the little victor over wift that light, and lay down, deriving very small con-solation from the little victory over self that I obtained by putting out the candle at the dressing-table, as usual, instead of yielding to the strong desire I felt to bring it close to the bed, and get safely between the sheets sefore I ex inguished it.

Nevertheless, I was young and in perfect health, and neither the noise of the wind nor my fears could keep me awake. I was soon sleeping as soundly and peacefully as if I were still at school, with some half

dozen companions around me.

How long my slumbers lasted I know not.
I only know that somehow or other I found myself suddenly awake, in perfect darkness, in the middle of the night, with a strong but indeficite impression that something or somebody had wated me! I lay quite still and listened, and in a second or two I fell, rather than heard, that

second or two I fell, rather than heard, that there was something in the room! Some-thing that moved with stealthy noisoleas footsteps; something of whose presence I was instinctively conscious, and which, I felt convinced, was irregularly but certainly feeling its way to my bed! I moved neither hand nor foot, and held my very breath for fear. To slip out of bed, to hide underneath it, or behind—the cer-tains, never once converted to me as results.

tains, never once occurred to me as possible.

that I could muster, I had resolved that I would not be doned with hot wins and when a would not be doned with hot wins and when a would not be doned with hot wins and when a would not be doned with hot wins and when a would not be doned with hot wins and when a would not be doned with hot wins and when a would not be doned with hot wins and when a would not be doned with hot wins and when a would not be doned with hot wins a mine of the boars, the house, the house, the house, the house, the house, the house is the house in the house is the house is the house in the house is the house in the house is the house is the house in the house is the house in the house is the house is the house in the house is the house is the house in the house is the house in the house is the house is the house in the house is the house is the house is the house in the house is the house in the house is the house in the house is the house is the house is the house is the house in the house is the house in house is the house is the house is the house is the house is

I could not face such a disturbance as that. I preferred to lie awake in a deadly fright, with my heart leaping into my throat whenever my fancy conjured up the slightest

sound.

Before I had had time to get calm, to reason with myself, and to summon up a strong endeavor to be courageous and sousible, I was once more plunged into a fresh

access of terror.

Once more I distinctly heard soft stealthy footsteps, first outside the door, then entering the room, then, as before, approaching the led Once more my heart seemed to stand still

for terror; once more I lay as if paralysed with fear. But frightened as I was, I was yet not quite so frightened as the first time. My faculties were more awake and obser-vant, and I began to consider what I had

want, and I began to consider what I had better do.

Mean while the steps drew nearer. They reached the side of the bed where I had lain before. I funcied that my sharpened sense of hearing defected the stretching out of the ghostly hands to feel for me.

I was little prepared for the new horror that came upon me next. The terrible something, which had hitherto only revealed itself to me as having bands and feet, now clambored up upon the bed, still steaitbilly, still as softly as possible. It crept along, outside the bed-clothes, towards me. It through the stopped I tseemed to be crouching down close to me. I felt breath upon my obeek. I felt a face touch my face. Out of the very desperation of my terror a momentary strength and courage came to me. I throw out my arms, and raising myself suddenly, pushed backwards the "thing" that was leaning over me, and then shrick after shriek for help broke from my lips, and I fainted—It was very foolish. I feel ashamed of myself to this day whenever I think of it. When I came to myself, the room was full of light. Madam Howard was bending over mee, holding some pungent caser ce under my nose: Madam Howard's confidential ser-

me, holding some purgent caserce under Or so unprincipled in virtue's book, my nose; another income a connection are vant Betzy was close at hand, looking as grimly respectable in her night-gown with a shawl thrown over it, as in her ordinary starched cap and black stuff gown; and Aunt Melissa, poor dear Aunt Millie, stood behind them, looking at me in a most rue-

ful, penitent, and supplicating manner.

"It was my fault," said the poor old darling, "dear, dear, dear, dear, lear so sorry."

Poor Aunt Millie! All this disturbance had indeed been her doing! Made somewhat uncomfortable, like myself, by the evening's conversation about ghosts, and other supernatural annoyances, she had dreamed badly. Now the great anxiety and interest of Aunt Militie's life was the care of me. I had been committed to her charge by my Anglo-Indian father ten years before,

by my Anglo-Iudian father ten years before, and since that time my dear auut's cottage had been the only home I knew, and she had been a very mother to me.

It was not unnatural that when it happened to the affectionate oid lady to dream badly, her had dreams usually took the shape of some danger to me. That night she hid dreamed that some one said to her. "Anne is gone, you will not see her any more;" and that going to my room she found my bed vacant. Takes she dreamed this, and twice she awake weening, and wretched. more;" and that going to my room successfully my bed vacant. Take she dreamed this, and twice she awoke weeping, and wretched, and tormented by an indefinite sensation of

The second time she could bear it no longer. Rising in the dark, she crept in her "stocking-feet," to my room, to make sure, without waking me, that I was really in my bed. How she accomplished this has been already related; but why, it will be asked, did she return to my room a second time? This was the reason. On reguining her own apartment and lying down again, the uncomfortable feeling of dread and uncertainty returned to her. She remembered, with regree, that she had but ascertained that I was safe in my neural place of repose; she might easily, she thought, have turned back the sheet a little so as to kiss me, without rousing me. I seemed to be so very sound a leep, and it would be such a satisfaction to her? The second time she could bear it no

After deliberating with herself for a little

then, for many a long day, I could not bear to sleep alone.

"I'Pm sure I don't wonder at it," said one of Mrs. Eiphinstone's hearers; "I think I should have died of fright."

"You would have been still more foolish than I was, then," replied Mrs. Eiphinstone, promptly. "My dear, I can't think how it is that people are always so much more ready to expect evil than good. Supposing one does hear of see anything a little unusual at night. Ten to one there is nothing the least extraordinary or alarming in it! The most improbable chance of all is that it should turn out to be a robber, or a ghost, or I know not what bed-room bogie, such as timid people are so fond of being afraid of. I was silly enough to burst out crying when Madam Howard called me a fool. Yes; I really was as silly as that, my dears. But I seas a fool, notwithstanding. Any girl, brought up as I must do my friends the justice to say that I was, ought to have had sense enough to keep her wits about her, and trust in Providence; not lie quaking with fright, as useless a coward as any poor heathen African who knows of nothing stronger than witchoraft.

"My dears, I know some of you are very foud of poetry. Who was it I heard only yesterday quoting Tennyson with such enthusiasm? Now don't took shy about it. I was pleased to hear it. "It is melancholy to see youth without enthusiasm; and if there is a fault that annoys me a little in the young people used to be, to be enthusiastic about anything. Well, well! I may be mistaken. It is a long time ago since I was young! Now I suppose I'm too old to make new friends, for I don't quite take to your modern poets; but, nevertheless, in my day, I dearly loved poetry, and some of the old favorite verses I learnt by heart are fresh in my memory now. Are any of you familiar with Comus. I wonder, which Milton wrote a century and a half before either you or I came into the world? There are some words of the Elder Brother's which lodge in my memory yout:

world? There are some words of the Elder Brother's which lodge in my memory

'I do not think my sister so to seek, nd that awent

ever, As that the single want of light and noise (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not,) Could stir the constant mood of her calm And put them into misbecoming plight.

And put them into misbecoming plight.

There, my dears, there's a very different ideal of feminine courage for you! The 'single want of light and noise' ought not to throw any girl into such a state of apprehension, that if some little alarm does occur, her fears go out half way to meet the supposed danger, and all her power to think and act is paralysed."

Mrs. Elphinstone delivered the foregoing little harangue in distinct energetic tones, until she came to the poetry, which she repeated in a lower and a softer voice. After she had ended there was a little silence. Of the young ladies present I doubt if there

she had ended there was a little silence. Of the young ladies present I doubt if there were one who was not sometimes liable to feel slightly nervous in the dark, and who did not habitually look under her bed, be-fore getting isso it, every night of her life. Perhaps they had some idea that the little lecture was meant for them, and digested it in silence; whilst it may be that the bar-sister and the school-boy, and the other gestlemen who formed part of our hosteas's audience, thought that it was ridiculous to use so serious a tone in speaking of such idle use so serious a tone in speaking of such idle terrors as those she alluded to.

The foolish young person that I have men-oned once before was the first who ven-Ob, how beautifully you relate, dearest

Mrs. Elphinstone. What a privilege it is to hear you tell a story! But isn't there any more? Is that quite, quite the end?" Mrs. Elphinstone made a little movement Mra. Elphinstone made a little movement of impatience as this foolish young person concluded with a shake of her crisp, ultrafashionably arranged head of hair, and that sort of social grin practised by people who cannot smile. "I suppose so," she said. But even as she spoke, a real, sweet, sudden, radiant smile fleeted across her face, and she stole a furtive glance across the fireplace to her delicate invalid husband.

"No, it is not quito the end," said he,

taking up the word, and returning her smile.

"It so happened that there was one Rupert Elphinstone, a nephew of old Squire Howard's, a young fellow who had often wondered that, much as he could not help hearing of the beauty and pleasantness of a certain young girl, the miece of his aunt's old achool-fellow, he had never had the luck to find her at Chariton Bishop when he came there, since she was a faccinating little thing of twelve, whom he remembered with quantities of fair hair that was always coming down, delighting to be out of doors, and up to all kinds of fun and mischlef. Why he was never allowed to meet her as she grew up, although he constantly lisand (after they were ever) of her visits with her aunt to Charlton Bishop, he could not imagine; but he never did. At last he heard than 'Mille's nicco' had completed her education, and was to go out to India to her father in the spring. Of course, after that, he never expected to see her, and reflected, with some disappointment, that he would now never have the opportunity of seeing whether that child had grown up as pretty as the promised to be.

"Little did he think as he journeyed outside the coach towards Charlton Bishop, one bitter January afternoon, that he would find the old house cullvened by the presence, not of Miss Sefton, the heirses, nor of any of Admiral Manners's four daughters, the young ladies whom Madam Howard chiefly delighted to invite, and whose appearance, character, and bringing up she used to weary him with praising, but the identical fairy play-mate of five years before, grown up into a tall beautiful young lady."

"There, Rupert, that will do," interrupted Mrs. Elphinstone, with a slight ascession of color. "And it really is late. Come, young people, to bed, to bed!"
She rose as ahe spoke, and everybody rose also; but Mr. Elphinstone, leaning on his stick, continued,

"Old Mrs. Howard was a match-maker if ever there was one, and she did not like to have her plans interfered with. But it is not a bit of good trying to keep people

stick, continued,

"Old Mrs. Howard was a match-maker if ever there was one, and she did not like to have her plans interfered with. But it is not a bit of good trying to keep people apart; they always meet somehow. Fate brought Anne and me together in spite of her, and under her very eyes. And—well, it is bed-time, and to cut a long story short I need only say, that Anne never did go out to India in the spring."

Mrs. Elphinstone lingered a moment before she led the way up-stairs. The happiness of her married life was proverbial. It used to be said that the Elphinstones' honeymoon had never ended; and she had reached the age when people dare to be a little sentimental when they choose.

"Well, well," she said, "if it had not been for the deadly terror I suffered that night in the Maiden's Chamber, which made me so ill that Madam Howard was colliged to ask me to stay a little longer at Charlton Bishop, I really do not see, though, by what possible chance my husband and I would ever have met. But, to be sure, if two people are intended for one another, it is of no use to try to keep them spart. Aunt Millie's old servant used to say, You'd marry him that's meant for you, Miss, if he was built up in a stone wall. Now, good-night, my dears: I wish I may live to see you, each and all, as happy in your married lives, as I have been in mine."

M. E. P.

All Chinese characters are monosylla-ble, indeclinable and "inconjugable." They are not capable of receiving those inflections which in Greek and Latin show at a glance which in Greek and Latin show at a glance the gender, case and number of nouns, the voice, tenses, moods, and persons of verbs. But, in spite of this absence of inflexions, the Chinese language is to a well-informed "sinologue" as clearand intelligible as those learned larguages which abound in inflexions. If it were otherwise, how could the inumerable works which it has produced in every branch of literature for mere than two thousand years have been read and reproduced from century to century since the first discovery of printing?

The Chinese began to print from woodcuts in 581 A. D. In the year 907—four hundred years before the discovery of printing in Eu-

in 581 A. D. In the year 907—four hundred years before the discovery of printing in Europe—they introduced the use of stone for the same purpose; and in 1040 they invented moveable types. Again, how could it now, under its modern form, called kouanhoa, or vulgar language, be spoken in China, Cochin-China, Japan, Siam, Corea, and even in Tibet, by a population of more than 450,000,000—that is to say, by half of the civilized world? How does a language, appalized world? How does a language, apparently so imperfect, answer, nevertheless, all purposes, and how has it enabled Chinese authors to treat in innumerable works of that the inflexions of nonus and verbs, which give so much precision to the ancient lan-guages, find their equivalents to a certain degree in the collocation of the Chinese characters, which, according to the position characters, which, according to the position which they occupy in a sentence, and according to the words with which they are construed, can assume every possible gramatical value. The relative position of words determines their character, and inparts the requisite clearness both to the spoken and the written speech.

In the little village of Mattue, Austria, Schiller's "William Tell" was lately represented—the manager's son taking the part of Tell's Son. In the apple seene, the actor let go the arrow before taking good aim, and the child's eye was put out. He shrieked aloud, and fell in convulsions. The audience rushed upon the stage to wreak ventured his son in such a place, but the poor man ran for his life. This incident impels the Paris Figaro to tell another story. Seven or eight centuries ago, in Norway, the rethe Paris Figaro to tell another story. Seven or eight centuries ago, in Norway, the religious play of "The Mystery of the Passion" was enacted before the king, Haquin. Just as one of the actors was about to mil Jesus to the cross, the king jumped upon the stage and killed the executioner. The people, furious that the play had been interrupted, precipitated themselves also upon the stage and killed their sovereign. And this is how the dynasty of Haquin became extinct.

account for the fresh water which comes up through an iron tube, sunk fifteen feet through the constantly shifting sands of Cape Cod, from fifteen to twenty feet from high water, and not more than three feet above it. The water in the tube rises and falls resultantly with the tide, yet more than falls regularly with the tide, yet more than 100 barrels have been pumped from it at one time without finding the alightest trace of saline matter. It is of such fine quality that years a unply themselves for a san years. vessels supply themselves for a from this well,

Children's Prayers.

Children's prayers—if they are indeed prayers—must be acceptable on earth as well as in heaven; and he must indeed be heartless, or worse, whe would think slightingly of them, although, sooth to say, they are rometimes bard to bear. For example: A little girl, on having her hair amartly pulled by her little brother while saying her prayers, went on for a while, without turning her head, in the aame low monotone, "and please God excuse me for a minute while I kick Neddy." Tell me that child was without understanding what is meant by prayer! or that she meant to abuse the privilege. No such thing—though to be sure she may have misunderstood some of its functions. Had she not been a believer she would have kicked Neddy at once, without asking leave—would she not?

A certain little sisty, being worried by a big brother till she was out of all patience, plumped down upon her kness, where she stood, and oried out, "O Lord bless my brother Tom. He lies—he steals—he swears all boys do—we girls don't. Amen!" Was the poor thing a little pharisee in her indignation, without knowing it? or was she only—like most of us who are leudest in our outcries for the salvation of others—a little overburdened with self-righteousness?—Neaf's Great Mysteries and Little Plagues."

Cleaming the Teeth.

If a minute examination of the teeth be instituted, it will be found that the formation of each is on a most beautiful design, and strikingly adapted to the use for which Nature intended it. But the peculiar formation is of some importance as respects the proper mode of cleaning them. Being convex on the external side, the only effectual way of doing so is to brush perpendicularly, and not across; for by the latter mode only the most prominent parts would be acted upon, leaving both the sides and the interstices, containing the insidious, corrupting particles, untouched. But by brushing up and down, not violently, but yet with sufficient pressure to cause the hairs of the brush to penetrate and clear out the interstices, every impurity is searched out and expelled, or at least so much loosened as to be easily removed by the water, with which the mouth must be afterwards rinsed; and then, when the teeth are well rubbed, the cleansing process is effected.

The gums should be touched as little as possible, as rinsing the mouth will be sufficient to cleanse them, and care should be taken not in any case to rub so violently as to cause healthy gums to bleed.

A Southern exchange tells of a negro who insisted that his race was mentioned in the Bible. He said he heard the preacher read about how "Nigger Demus want to be born again."

### THE MARKETS.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been rather more inquiry. About 10,000 bbls sold at \$5.00, 50 for superfine; \$4,35 (0.5,00 for extra; \$6,500,00 for Fenneylvania extra family; \$6,006,63 for Penneylvania extra family; \$6,006,53 for Ohlo and Indians family, and \$6,750,60 bbl for for expression of the property of the prope 63.63c P bus. BARK—30 hhds No. 1 quercitron sold at \$23,50 P

BARA—30 hints No. 1 queretron such as \$6.3,00 pt full Ton.
FRUIT—40,000 Bs of Virginia and Tennessee Apples sold at 7@8c; 8000 Bs of North Car Jina Apples at lie; 8000 Bs of quarter Peaches at 8@8/4c; 8000 Bs of pared at 10 @30c pt Bs.

So chalf Peaches at 10c, and 4,000 Bs of pared at 10 @30c pt Bs.

Drinberries sell at 13@14 pb.b.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, \$100 Bs. \$1,40@1,58; mired do, \$1,00@1,60; \$1raw, \$1,50@1,58.

HOPS—Sales of new crop at 30@30c pt Bs.

\$\$ENDS—Clover is in demand; 1000 bas sold at \$5.

\$\$EXDS—Clover is in demand; 1000 bas sold at \$5.

\$\$EXDS—Clover is in demand; 1000 bas sold at \$5.

\$\$EXDS—Provisions same as last week.

The supply of Sect Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2400 head. The prices realized from \$2.9% cts \$8. 200 Core broads from \$45 to 60 \$1 head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 4%(3) to 14,78 \$2 \$100 hea.



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# WIT AND HUMOR.

I cace heard a pretty good thing in the Supreme Judicial Court at Portland. The

I once heard a pretty good thing in the Supreme Judicial Court at Portland. The case was one of severe assemit upon the first officer of a Yankee barque, by one of the crew, which assault occurred on shore. Judge 6— was upon the hench. He was a very small man; very neat in dress, and very fastidious; resting firmly upon his judicial dignity; a first-class lawyer, and withal inclined to be self-oufficient and crusty. No attorney at the bar ever ventured to take liberties with Judge 8—

The principal witness in the present case was an old weather-beaten sallor, named Jack Miller. Now Jack was called to testify against his shipmate, as he had witnessed the assault, and had interfered to terminate it; but he was envious to tell as little against his chum as possible, and, furthermore, to soften down and excuse what he did telt; and this led him to be a little rambling in his testimony. The judge had been making notes with a penodi, and as Jack was wandering off into an unnecessary explanation, he lifted his head, and, evidently furgetting for the moment the exact etanding of the witness, with his mind partially upon his notes, he testily exclaimed—

"Come, witness—ad rem, ad prodoxium!

"Come, witness—ad rem, ad prodositum."

Don't wander so."

The witness stopped and looked up at the judge wonderingly. He repeated the abstruse words to binself as nearly as he could pronounce them, and then, with earnest simplicity, asked—

"Yer honor, what does them words mean?"

"Newsy mind."

mean?"

"Never mind," returned the judge, with a wave of the hand. "They are technical terms, used in law, not for men in your position to understand."

There was a tister in the court room as poor Jack turned, rather creetfallen, back to the examining counsel. Pretty seen the witness sought to explain that his shipmate, when he made the assault, was not himself. Baid he, half to the counsel, and baif to the jury.

Said he, half to the counsel, and half to the jury—

"Tom was pooty hard on for it. He'd splice the mais-brace, an' doubled the tub, an' tapped the admiral more'n—"

The little smooth head of Judge 8—bobbed up at this point.

"Stop, witness; I den't comprehend. What do you mean by 'doubling the tub,' 'tapping the admiral,' and the other equally ambiguous expressions?"

Jack's eyes snapped just a single spark, and then his face was as calm and serene as the bark of an o'd gnarled oak.

"Why, your honor," he replied, with patronising respect and deference, "them's technical terms, used on shipboard, which it aren't expected 'at men in yer honor's position would understand."

While his honer was subsiding, a titter broke loose in the court-room, which would have awelled to a roar if the shoriff had not sternly bitten his lips and loudly commanded "order!"

### "Brudder Dickson."

Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in one of the large New England towns, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in the place.

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, Mr. Dickson," said the customer.
"No, sah, not at all."

"Why, are you not a member of the African church?"

"Why, are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not dish year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion. Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Why, I tell you, sah, "said Mr. Dickson, strapping a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was jess like dis—I jined datchurch in good fait. I gib ten dollars toward de stated preachin" ob de gospel de fuss year, and de people all call me Brudder Dickson. De second year my business not good, and I only gib five dollars. Dat year de church people call me Mister Dickson. Dish razor hart you, sah?"

"No, sir, goes tol'bul well."

"Well, sah, de third year I feel berry poor—sickness in my family—an' I gib noffin for preachin". Well, sah, arter dat dey call me ole nigger Dickson, and I leff 'em!"

So saying, Mr. Dickson brushed his customer's hair, and the gentleman departed, well satisfied with the reason why Mr. Dickson left his church.

## edote of Macready.

Macready's handwriting was curiously illegible, and especially when writing orders of admission to the theatre. One day, at New Orleans, Mr. Brougham obtained one of these from him for a friend. On handing

New Orleans, Mr. Brougham obtained one of these from him for a friend. On handing it to the gentleman, the latter observed that, if he had not known what it purported to be, he would never have suspected what it was. "It looks more like a preacription than anything else," he added.
"So it does," said Mr. Brougham; "let us go and have it made up."

Turning into the nearest drug store, the paper was given to the clerk, who gave it a caseless glance, and then proceeded to get a phial ready and to pull out divers boxes. With another look at the order, down came a tinotaire bottle, and the phial was half filled. Then there was a pause. The gentlemanly attendant was evidently puzzled. At last he broke down completely, and rang for his principal, an elderly and sewerelooking individual, who presently emerged from the inner sanctum. The two whispered together an instant, when the old dispenser looked at the document, and with an expression of pity for the ignorance of his subordinate, boldly filled the phial with some apochryphal fluid, and duly corked and labelled it. Then handing it to the some apochryphal fluid, and duly corked and labelled it. Then handing it to the gentlemen who were waiting, he said, with a bland smile, "A cough mixture, and a very good one. Fifty cents, if you please."

Knowing How. -Some soldiers were dig rell. When they came to the water, manding officer went to inspect the

weil, Kelly," said he, to the Irishman he bottom of the well, "you have found

e water at last."
"Ah, kurnel!" replied the other, "it all dipinds upon knowing how the thing ought to be done. Any other man but meself would have gone forty fut deeper without

LA Tale of Thrilling Interest-The



A REALTHY VILLAGE.

VISITORS.—"Dear, dear! what is the old man crying about?"

OLD WOMAN.—"Oh, he's a very naugh'y boy—he's been a-throsia' stones at his grandfather!"

The Women of Germania and Gant.

In their efforts to raise the standard of purity, the Christian teachers derived much assistance from the incursions and conquests of the barbarians who triumphed over the Roman Empire.

The Boandinavian mystology abounds in legends exhibiting the clear sentiment of the heathen tribes on the subject of purity, and the awful penalties threatened in the next world against seducers. The barbarian women were accustomed to practise medicine and to interpret dreams, and they also very frequently accompanied their bushands to battle, railied their broken forces, and even themselves took part in the fight. Augustus had discovered that it was useless to keep bardarian chiefs as hestages, and that the one way of securing the fidelity of traitors was by taking their wives, for these at least were never sacrificed. The grandest instance of Roman female heroism scarcely surpassed some which were related of unstance of Roman female heroism scarcely surpassed some which were related of uncivilized Germans or of semi-civilized Gauls. When Marius had vanquished an army of the Teutons their wives becought the conqueror to pe mit them to become Vestal Virgins, in order that their honor, at least, might be secure in slavery. Their request was refused, and that night they all perished by their own hands. . . . Tacitus, in

might be secure in slavery. Their request was refused, and that night they all perished by their own hands. Tacitus, in his famous work, portrays in the most flattering colors the purity of the Germans. "Mothers," he said, "invariably gave snok to their own children. Infanticide, which was so common amongst both Greeks and Romans, was forbidden. Widows were not allowed to marry. The men feared captivity much more for their wives than for themselves; they believed that a sacred and prophetic gift resided in women; they consulted them as orsoles, and followed their counsels." The moral purity of the barbarians was of a kind altogether different from that which the ascetic movement inoculated. It was concentrated extensively upon marriage. It showed itself in a noble conjugifidelity; but it was little fitted for a life of celibacy, and did not prevent excessive disorders among the priesthood. The practice of polygamy amongst the barbarian kings (or how hom it was restricted) was for some centuries unchecked, or at least unsuppressed, by Christianity. The kings Caribort and Chilperio had both many wives at the same time. Clothaire married the sister of his first wife during the lifetime of the latter, who, on the intention of the king being announced, is reported to have said, "Let my lord do what seemeth good in his sight, only let thy servant live in thy favor."
Charlemagne himself had, at the same time. After this period examples of this nature became

two wives, as well as concubines. After this period examples of this nature became rare. The popes and the bishops exercised a strict supervision over domestic morals, and strenuously, and in most cases success fully, opposed the attempts of kings an nobles to repudiate their wives.—Leckey.

## The Alpine Horn.

The Alpine horn is an instrument made of the bark of a cherry tree, and, like a speaking-trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. I have heard, when the last rays of the sun glid the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of these mountains take his horn and cry with a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord!" As soon as the neighboring shepherds hear him they leave their hute and repeat these words. The echoes of the mountain and grottoes of the rocks repeat the name of God. Imagination cannot pirture any thing more solemn or sublime than such a scene. The Alpine born is an instrument made of

such a scene.

During the silence that succeeds, the shepheris bend their knees and pray in the open air, then repair to their huts to reat. The sunlight gilding the tope of these stupendous mountains upon which the vault of heaven sceme to rest, the magnificent scenery around, and the voice of the shepheri sounding from rock to rock the praise of the Almighty, fill the mind of every traveller with enthusiasm and awe.

## The Midnight Sun.

The following is a description of the scene witnessed by Mr. Campbell and his party in the north of Norway, as they stood on a cliff one thousand feet above the son:

"The ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of its waves scarcely reached our siry look-out; away in the north the huge old sun eau of low along the horizon like the slow best of the pendulum in the tall clook of our grand(ather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at 12, midnight, the full round orb hung trisupphantly shove the wave—a bridge of gold running due north spanned the water between us and him. There he shome in silent majesty which knew no set-

The Women of Germania and Gant. | ting. We involuntarily took off our hats ting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunset and sunrise you ever saw, and its beauty will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven, and mountain. In half an hour the sun ha! swung up perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breese rippled over the flood, one songster after another pipel up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day."

Very few ladies know how to appreciate an easy, healthful dress. They think their dresses are loose, when a boy or man put into one as tight would gasp for breath, and feel incapable of putting forth any effort except to break the bands. Ladics are so accustomed to the tight fits of dress-makers that they "fall all to pieces" when relieved of them. They associate a loose dress with the bed or lounge. To be up, they must be stayed up, and to recommend a comfortable dress to them is not to meet any conscious want of theirs. It is a great pity, none the less. If they could once know what a luxury it is to breathe deep and full at each respiration, to feel the refreshment which the system takes on by having the blood enlivened and sent bounding through the arteries and veins, to have the nids to digestion which auch process gives, to have their own strong, elastic muscles keep every organ in place and themselves erect; if they could for a good white know this blesse! luxury and then be seet back into the old, stiff, straight jackets, they would fume and fret and rave in very desperation if they could not get rid of them. As it is, they prefer to languish and suffer dreadfully and die young, and leave all their friends and their hubands and little children, and I do not see any other way but to let them be sick and die till they are satisfied.

If only the sisner was the sufferer it

die till they are satisfied.

If only the sinner was the sufferer it would not be so worth while to make a great ado about it, but the blighting of future innocent lives which must follow renders the false habits of our women in the highest degree criminal.—Laws of Life.

During the latter years of his life, the famous London banker, Nathan Rothschild, was said to be always in fear of assas.ina-

"You must be a very happy man, Mr. Rothschild," said a guest at one of the splen-did banquets for which his Picadilly house was famous.
"Happy! Me happy!" he exclaimed.

"Happy! Me happy!" he exclaimed.
"What, happy! when just as you are going to dine you have a letter placed in your hands saying, 'If you don't send me £500 I will blow your brains out.' Me happy!"

One day two strangers were admitted into his private room at the bank. They were tall foreigners, with moustaches and bear's such as were not often seen in London thirty

such as were not often seen in London thirty or forty years ago, and Rothschild, always thind, was frightened from the moment of their entrance. He put his own interpretatheir entrance. He put his own interpreta-tion upon the excited movements with which they fambled about in their pockets, and before the expected pistols could be pro-duced, he had thrown a great ledger in the direction of their heads, and brought in a bevy of clerks by his cries of "murder!" The strangers were then photoned and then, after long questionings and explanations, it appeared they were wealthy bankers from the continent, who, nervous in the presence of a banker so much more wealthy, had some difficulty in finding the letters of introduction which they were to present.

THE brain, in its superior region, is en-dowed with less sensibility, or, if we may be allowed the term, vitality, than any other of the vital organs. It may be cut or sliced of the vital organs. It may be cut or sliced away to a considerable extent, without producing pain, and arparently without any injury to animal life. The late Dr. Gordon collected together, and published in an article in the Edinburg Review, a number of cases in which cavities were found, on dissection, in the brains of individuals, who nevertheless had lived in the enjoyment of good health, and in possession of all their intellectual faculties. Sudden death is much more frequently produced by affections of the beart than by diseases of the brain: still, each of the vital organs must relinquish its relations, and cease to perform its functions, before the state of death is complete.

"Grandpa, did you knew that the United States has been in the habit of encouraging and acknowledging tories?" "What kind of tories?" "Territories! Now give me some pea-nuts, or l'Il eatch the meavels, and make you pay for them."

## ACRICULTURAL.

Churn More Milk or Skim Beeper. From observation, I believe too many but

From observation, I believe too many butter makers do not skim as deep or oburn as much milk, as they ought. I hear them say often, that they don't like to get so much milk, or sour milk, in with the cream. It is a common practice for meet butter makers to have a skimmer that is perforated with holes, that the milk may peas through into the pan from which the cream is being taken. If any one has a better reason for not skimming deeper, I shall be pleased to hear it, and herewith give my reason why I think we eight to skim deeper and churn more milk with the cream.

First, shere are best few dairy houses so far removed from the odess of the kitchen, swill-pail or barrels, or some decaying vegetable matter, as to keep the cream from absorbing odors that injure the flavor of the butter and the cream must first receive, or have these edors pass through it, before they can reach the milk, as it is most exposed. The milk must, therefore, be the most pure, and, if churned with the cream, will aid in taking up the odors from the butter. By churning only the cream, the dash of the churn must, as we think injure the butter globules and make the butter salvy, as the friction is more directly applied to them than would be the case if milk was mixed with the cream.

There are times when the milk sours before near all the cream is up; yet the milk must be nearly, if not quite as good, from the same cow that is being fed the same fered, in a warm morning, as it is in a cool morning. But we often get twice the amount of cream in the cool days that we do in warm days; and the quality is better. Take, for instance, the 24th of August, a hot, sultry day, the cream hardly paid for the labor. Now take the 26th of the same month, 1800, a good, cool day, that gave a nice yield of cream. Is it to be supposed that there is that difference in the milk produced from the same cows on those days, when the cows were fed in the rame pasture, that there was in the amount of butter globules were exploded by the heat, and that they mingle with

A Reyal Bairy.

"Burlcigh" furnishes the Boston Journal with the following account of Queen Victoria's dairy:—

"The building occupies a lodge at the gate of the pelace. The interior is exquisitely fitted up. The walls and the floor are of the finest china. The royal arms and medallion likenesses of the entire royal family surround the room. Fountains play, and ingenious arrangements have been made for ventilation and to keep the temperature even, at all times of day and all seasons of the year. The presiding genius of this establi-hment is a Welsh woman, scrupulously neat, in the peculiar garb of her country, the conspicuous part of which was, a low-crowned, peculiar-abaped hat. The milk used on the royal table at the castle and in London is obtained from this dairy. The pans, about fifty in number, are of china and of a peculiar shape, made from models furnished by Prince Albert. The milk from twelve Alderney cows is kept by itself for the Queen's special use. From this the butter is made that is placed on the royal table. It follows the Queen wherever she goes. Daily the couriers start from Downing Street with their box of dispatches for Osborn, Balmoral, London, or wherever Her Majesty may be. Just as regular starts the measonger with the royal butter to find the Queen. At Osborn and Balmoral the Queen has her own dairy for milk, but the butter she must have from Frogmore. I saw rolls of golden butter ready to be sent off. It was very tempting to the eye and sweet to the tooth. The churn used at Frogmore is a metallic one, in shape like a barrel, and rotary. Pans, pails, and cans, all bore the royal monogram—'V. R.' The dairy is called the modern dairy. But no one without a royal revenue could afford such an arrangement. Conspicuous in the room in golden letters, is the announcement that the dairy was constructed by Prince Albert. rangement. Conspicuous in the room in golden letters, is the announcement that the dairy was constructed by Prince Al-bert, 'in the 21st year of Her Majesty's reign.'"

WARTS ON HORSES -A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph, says he has never known his cure to fail, either on horse or cow—and he has cured some that have been large and bleeding. It is simply to bathe the wart two or three times a week with turpentine and sweet-oil mixed, until

MOLES.-Mrs. E. Oakes Smith says: Plant the Caster Bean (palma christi) about the premises, and the meles will disappear. I took the hint from an old astrological work which once belonged to Cotton Mather, of witchcraft memory. It is an effectual remedy, and besides, the plant is highly ornamental."

## RECEIPTS.

To Roast Rabbits.—Skewer their heads with their mouths upon their backs, stick their forc-legs into their ribs, akewer the hind-legs doubled. Crumble half a loaf of bread, add a little paraley, sweet marjoram and thyme, all shred fine, nutmeg, salt and pepper to your taste; mix into a light stuffing, with a quarter of a pound of butter, a little good cream, and two eggs, put it into the body, and sew them up; dredge and baste them well with lard; roast about an hour, and serve with paraley and butter for sauce; chep the livers, and lay them in lumps round the edge of the dish.

Gravy Sour.—The secret of making clear brown or gravy soup is, after bringing the stock to a quick boil, to take off carefully all the soum that rises (before putting in any flavorings), which if allowed to holi back into the stock gives it the muddy look which no jelly-bag can afterwards entirely remove.

Given Cayra —Mix one nound of flour. To ROAST RABBITS. -Skewer their heads

GINGER CAKES.—Mix one pound of flour and three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar. Rub into it half a pound of butter, two eggs well beaten, and one sumes of ginger, ground time. Beat all well together, roll out the dough to the third of an inch thick; cut out the cakes and bate them.

### THE RIDDLER.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 1, 16, 19, 14, 37, is a river in Africa.

My 2, 6, 28, 23, 6, 10, is an island near Asia.

My 3, 12, 25, 30, 25, 15, 22, 4, is a town in Georgia.

My 7, 13, 22, 24, 26, is a river in Europe.

My 36, 6, 31, 19, 24, 32, 4, is the capital of one of the Western states.

My 33, 17, 29, 31, is a cape near Africa.

My 28, 23, 31, 22, 24, is a river in Asia.

My 18, 30, 12, 9, 19, 15, is a town in Wisconsia.

My 18, 30, 12, v, 1v, 10, as a consta.

My 24, 11, 13, 25, 9, 32, 5, 24, is a chain of lakes in one of the Eastern states.

My 20, 34, 32, 35, 31, 28, 6, is one of the United States.

My 37, 5, 36, 17, 9, is an island in Oceanics.

My whole is among the last words of Pushma-ta-ha, the Choctaw Chief.

Johnstown, Wis. NELLIE WATERS.

The first is seen in winter time,
The second all the year we wear;
And with the whole, in northern elime,
They hunt the moose and polar bear.
R. W. LILIEW,

A piece of oil territory is divided into 29 shares, and owned equally by eight persons, A, B, C, D, &c. A sells 5 of his shares to a ninth person, who thus becomes a member of the company; and B sells two of his shares to the company, who pay for them from the common stock. After this, what proportion of the whole stock does A own?

FELIX.

### An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

One of a pack of 59 cards has been removed; from the remainder of the pack two cards are drawn and are found to be hearts. What is the probability that the missing card is a heart? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Eric Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

A person bought a horse and a cow, giving 2† times as much for the horse as for the cow. The horse eat ‡ as much again as the cow. After keeping them till both eat enough to amount to what the cow cost he sold them, gaining twice as much per cent. on the horse as the cow cost him during the time he kept her, and as much per cent on the cow as the horse cost him during the time he kept him. He neither gained nor lost by the transaction. What did he give for each?

An answer is requested.

Conundrums. Why is the sea a better housekeeper than the earth? Ans.—Because it is more

than the earth? Ans.—beach like a bell?

Ans.—When is a fowl's neck like a bell?

Ans.—When it is rung for dinner.

What is the difference between a soldier and a bombabell? Why, one goes to wars and the other goes to pieces.

What public singer draws best? Ans.—The mosquito.

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction: but he that regardeth reproof shall be honoured. BIDDLE—Fire, Ire, Fir, If.

A LEG OF FORK.—One of eight pounds requires three hours. The skin must be scored across in narrow stripes, about a quarter of an inch apart. Rub it with sage, pepper, and salt well. Do not put it near the fire when first put down. When it begins to roast, brush it over with a feather dipped in sweet oil. This will rander it a better color than any other method, and is the best way of preventing a blistering of the skin. For a sauce, put three enions finely chopped, and a spoonful of rubbed sage-leaves, into a saucepan with four spoonsful of water, cover tightly and simmer gently for ten minutes, then stir in half a teaspoonful of salt, and the same of black pepper; add this to the dripping; skim the fat off, and strain the whole through a sieve; then mix in a tablespoonful of browned flour, simmer a few minutes, and send up in a sauce-boat with the pork. Stewed apples are always necessary with roast pork.

GREEN APPLE PIE — Stew and strain the apples, grate the peel of a fresh lemon or reservator and surger, to your tasks. Bake

apples, grate the peel of a fresh lemon or rose-water and sugar, to your taste. Bake in a rich paste half an hour.

BOILED BATTER PUDDING.—Two teacups of milk, four eggs; stir in flour until a stiff batter; a little salt. Let it boil nearly two

DOUGHNUTS.-Two cups of milk, one cup

DOUGHNUTS.—Two cups of milk, one cup of butter, one of sugar, one of yeast, two eggs. Spice to your taste. Flour sufficient to roll out.

SHEEF-SKIN MATS.—Make strong scap-suds, using hot water, and let it stand till cold; then wash them in cold water till all the scap is out. Nort dissolve half a pound each of salt and alum in a little hot water, and put into a tub of cold water sufficient to cover the skins, and let them scak twelve hours; them hang over a pole to drain. When well drained, stretch carefully on a board to dry. Stretch several times while drying. Before they get entirely dry, sprinkle on the flesh side one ounce each of pulverised alum and saltpetre, rubbing it in well; then lay the flesh sides together and hang in the shade for two or three days, turning them over every day till perfectly dry. Finish by scraping the flesh with a blunt knife to romove any remaining scraps of flesh, and then rub the flesh side with pumice or rotten stone and the hands.

Very beautiful mittens can be made of lambakinstanned as above.— Western Rural.

BELOW the surface-stream, shallow and light,
Of what we say we feel—below the stream,
As light, of what we think we feel—there

flows
With noiseless current strong, obscure, and deep, The central stream of what we feel indeed.

"Don't put too much confidence in a lever's sighs and vows," said Mrs. Parting-ton to her nices. "Let bim tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a carnation, and an eye like an asteriek; but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart."